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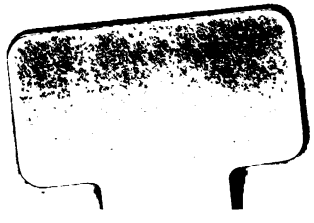

MEMORIALS

OF

MISSIONARY LIFE,

IN

NOVA SCOTIA.

BY

CHARLES CHURCHILL,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

London:

JOHN MASON; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

NOTTINGHAM: DEARDEN.

1845.

Printed by W. DEARDEN, Carlton Street, Nottingham.

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TO THE

CHAIRMAN AND WESLEYAN MINISTERS

IN THE

NOVA SCOTIA DISTRICT,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

The Author.

"As workers together with him."—*St. Paul.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE present undertaking has been commenced and concluded, under the pressure of full employment in ministerial engagements; from the conviction, that, although reports of the operations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society are presented to its subscribers from year to year, faithfully exhibiting the great and leading features of that success with which it has pleased the Great Head of the Church, among other kindred institutions, to favour us: yet, at the same time, comparatively little is known, even through that medium, of the localities and other minutiæ of our nearest Missionary Stations.

There are numberless matters of interest, which come under the eye of the Missionary alone; and thus, every labourer in the foreign field is the depositary of incidents and circumstances, brought beneath his own observation, which, if they could but be known, would be a source of interest and of profit to the world at large.

The idea has frequently presented itself, that a series of works of a similar character to the present, at least in its plan and design, may yet before long be presented to the Christian world; so as to form a class in the family library, at present only partially occupied. It is not intended to intimate that no such works have been published; on the

contrary, we have memorials from South Africa, South Seas, West Indies, &c., &c., of a class much superior to the present effort; but it appears still to remain for a popular series of sketches to be published from each Foreign District, which shall embrace statistical, historical, topographical, and general features of such district, including remarkable cases of conversion and death, which will always be interesting and profitable in connection with such details; and being furnished by the Missionaries themselves, may be received as an unbiassed and authentic record.

Although the writer of the following pages has not the assurance to think, that he has struck out a new line of thought or action, or, that the present little effort may be thought worthy to occupy a place, except in the very rear of such a series: he still hopes, that the presumption of the undertaking may be lost sight of, so that the admission of the intention may be allowed, even where criticism may condemn the execution of the same.

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MEMORIALS

OF

MISSIONARY LIFE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE VOYAGE.

Lord of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace;
Under thy protection we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold, an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep,
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

Wesley's Hymns.

THE mere circumstance, that almost every work professing to communicate intelligence from abroad, commences with the details of a sea voyage;—becomes at length almost objectionable, and obnoxious to criticism;—especially when there must be necessarily, to a certain extent, a great similarity in the circumstances themselves. At the same time the voyage of an individual, or of a family, to a foreign station connected with the mission field, will perhaps be allowed, by serious readers at least, to possess an interest which might be denied to the mere traveller or tourist, whose only object is to journalise abroad

and publish a book on his return. "They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;" but it is the mind of the Christian believer surely, which can best appreciate these wonders, although he may not be the most fluent in his description of the same.

Although but few years have elapsed since this voyage was undertaken, there were then no steam leviathans ploughing the surface of the Western Ocean, and between the shores of Britain and Nova Scotia; no ships like to the well appointed "liners," running to New York, offered their luxuries to the voyager. Still, comfortable merchant vessels of an ordinary class, offered necessary accommodation; and though some wants, better understood when half-way across the Atlantic than when in the docks at Liverpool, were subsequently in this case matters of regret, nevertheless the vessel embarked in made good her passsge; her weaknesses were the consequence of age and hard usage, and not many trips afterwards her hull was dashed to pieces on a "rocky iron-bound coast."

A small Missionary party received the valedictions of one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and those also of a few kind friends, on an afternoon in the early part of the month of September, 1837, on board the barque "John Porter," J. H.

Pernetti, Master, bound to Halifax, N.S.: which was shortly afterwards warped out of dock into the Mersey awaiting the morning tide, and the services of a "Steam Tug," to tow her through the intricacies of the entrance to the port of Liverpool, fairly into the Irish Channel.

The first night spent upon the water is eminently uncomfortable, whether lying at anchor or under weigh; and this was not less felt by us, than by any former venturers upon the ocean. It appeared but a very short time past midnight, when a thousand discordant noises combined to prevent any thing like sound repose; the hissing of the steamer which had now come alongside,—the different shouts of the crew of both vessels,—the rattling of the windlass palls, and the "cheerily ho" of the seamen as the anchor was raised,—feet running to and fro over our heads,—ropes and blocks thundering upon the deck,—rapid orders given,—then a certain rippling noise of the water close beside us, and a buoyant motion, told us that we were under weigh, although it wanted some considerable time to the break of day.

When it was daylight we went upon deck, but the romance of taking a last long look at the busy town, as to opportunity, was lost; the Black Rock Fort frowned astern, and closed the mouth of the Mersey; the steamer was carrying us rapidly on without the aid of sails, the wind being unfavorable for their use in

our present course; and it was not until this our auxiliary had performed its stipulated service,—when the hawser was cast off,—a last shake of the hand taken with persons we had never before seen,—who were returning to Liverpool in the steamer, and she altered her course to return, that we felt the last link severed,—we were now fairly at sea.

About this time we passed the Bell buoy; which, however it might be fancied to ring a welcome to those returning home, appeared more knell like in its sound to us. It is a buoy, placed I believe at the extremity of the buoyed entrance to Liverpool; it presents a conical structure of wood above the surface of the water, with a broad base; and at the apex is a bell, the heaving motion of the sea keeping it constantly tolling, and adding nothing pleasant to our feelings, who had just left the pleasing associations of early friends at home, to enter on a new and untried path.

But let it not be imagined that our spirits were much depressed, we had counted the cost of these things, and had deliberately chosen our present situation, which we knew must be passed, before a future coveted scene of labour could be entered upon. The first day, however, appeared to pass heavily along,—the wind blew fresh from the south west, and a very few hours found us handing the lighter sails and reefing top-sails: during the first three days we held this heavy breeze, almost a gale, thought quite so then by

us; and during this time our actual progress was very small,—from Holyhead to Howth, and then back again,—gaining a little to the southward on every tack, was our first result; while glimpses of distant land, and a rolling sea and stormy sky were the only objects we could see.

I had heard of passages across the Atlantic so favorable, from the serenity of the sky and the smoothness of the water, that the voyage might have been made in the long boat:—and of sabbath services at sea so interesting, with the blue firmament for a canopy, and the whole crew in their best trim attending the service of God;—that perhaps some little romance of feeling had mingled with my anticipation of the sabbath at sea: but I soon found how much in this instance I had miscalculated. The motion of the ship on the first sabbath morning was so great, that it was with great difficulty I could stand at all upon the cabin floor; and my head appeared to be in as much confusion as the scene around me. I scarcely left my berth during the day, yet we had left to us both spiritual joy and divine consolation; we held a service in our little state room, a congregation of four: our temple was small, but God was there; we sang our hymns, read the beautiful Liturgy of the Church, engaged in prayer, and were happy. Those hymns adapted to use on shipboard, appeared to possess an interest and beauty never appreciated before, and

while we felt that God was assuredly present with us, we found it good to be there.

Amidst the many strange and uncomfortable feelings incidental to a sea-voyage, there are others which by the force of contrast are unspeakably pleasing; I know not that I ever experienced a more delightful sensation, than I did on awaking the following morning; until the previous night we had had no sound repose;—one night indeed, through fatigue, amidst much motion I had fallen asleep, and awoke with a sudden lee-lurch, to find myself pitching out head foremost on an iron-bound trunk; and had not the opposite side of the state room been within reach of my extended hand, I must have fallen violently from a height of four or five feet upon the same; so that in a heavy sea, I could not sleep soundly. But on this Monday morning, I woke from refreshing sleep, and the vessel was quiet and still, the rush of waters at the side told of rapid progress, and there was a pleasing buoyancy in my couch; but the sensations from contrast were so agreeable, that the return of health after a season of sickness and pain, could not cause more delightful emotions than those which I then experienced:—praise to the God of all mercies was in my heart and on my tongue, and I rose with renewed strength to encounter whatever might subsequently arise. Still the wind was adverse to our maintaining our proper course:—we were still beating down chan-

nel, twenty four hours sail with a fair wind would have brought us as far as we had yet attained, and it was not until the Wednesday evening, that we saw the Irish Coast for the last time.

By this time we had become more accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we had prayer morning and evening either in the cabin or the state room; had obtained some little knowledge of the crew, and found to our great satisfaction that two of them, men of colour, the cook and the steward, were professors of religion and members of the Wesleyan Society. On the morning of the eighth day we took what is called, our nautical departure;—obtained our first observation for latitude and longitude, and were fairly launched into the Western or Atlantic Ocean. It was a beautiful morning,—a deep blue sky with a few light fleecy clouds, by their snowy whiteness making the blue sea and sky more lovely; a few gulls sportively skimming over the waters; our little barque gallantly breasting the waves; and no haze nor humidity in the atmosphere around.

Perhaps in no situation in which we may be occasionally placed, does sickness appear more trying and painful than at sea;—when from malignant disorders there is no retreat, and for serious sickness no efficient help: it may easily be imagined, therefore, that our feelings were not slightly affected, when we understood before we had been ten days at sea, that one of our

crew, the poor black cook, was taken sick with the small pox, apparently of the most malignant and virulent kind. So rapidly and so fearfully did this disease reduce its victim, that in a few days all intercourse with the half-deck was closed by the Captain's order; who would not allow me (and perhaps it was most prudent) to visit the patient, either to attempt to reduce the fever by bleeding, or to converse with him on the home in heaven to which he was hastening;—one individual alone was permitted to carry him some food, and administer to his necessary wants.

On the tenth day he was delirious and blind: by going down from the deck into the cabin for a few minutes in the middle of the day, I accidentally avoided a spectacle, which filled with horror, all who witnessed it at the time. In the height of his agony, this poor man had rolled himself upon his mattress, until the skin had entirely left his forehead; in this condition,—bleeding, delirious, and blind,—he escaped from his berth, and while the Captain and mate were conversing together on deck, suddenly presented himself above the combings of the booby hatch,—a spectacle too hideous to conceive or describe. He was suddenly ordered down with an authority the poor fellow as rapidly and instinctively obeyed, and during the night he breathed his last; an inch-board was the only partition between our state room and the scene

of death,—but this was a contingency which could not be avoided.

When I went on deck the following morning, I found them preparing the body for interment—it was already sewed up in sail cloth, with a bag of old iron tied to the feet:—When all the preparations were completed, it was laid upon a board on the gunwale, a little forward of the main shrouds;—the crew were summoned to attend, and I read the burial service for the dead at sea. The sky was lowering and stormy, the ship was rolling heavily, and I had to hold on by a belaying pin to retain my position. When I came to the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep,"—I paused a moment, the two men standing ready gave a quick glance at the Captain—a hoarse voice cried "heave," and the deep received the dead till the morning of the resurrection: the solemn service of the Church, the reduction of our small number, the awful circumstances of his death, appeared deeply to impress our hitherto thoughtless crew. All had taken place as described, and I had returned below, before my family were even aware that he was dead:—we embraced this favorable opportunity, and in the afternoon his death was improved by an address from a brother Missionary; when our little party was all on deck, and the whole crew for the first time were called aft for divine service.

Our anxieties were now aroused through fear of

infection; most providentially I had supplied myself with a bottle of the solution of chloride of lime, and with this we thoronghly washed between decks, and fumigated every part of the vessel.

We were greatly disappointed in not being able to hold divine service on the sabbath with the crew, but we found that it was impracticable; the number of the crew was small, divided into two watches; so that when they were not on duty on deck, they were in their hammocks; the few on duty were all required to work the ship, and the weather was generally extremely unfavorable; so we endeavoured to secure their attention to serious things by distributing tracts, and holding conversations with them as circumstances would permit.

The strange objects of interest met with at sea, were, as usual with landsmen, matters of surprise and admiration to us! We saw almost every day shoals of porpoises playing round the bows of the ship, generally swimming together in pairs, the two dorsal fins cutting the waves for some distance, without showing more of the fish itself; ending the race with a gambol or leap four or five feet above the surface. The stormy petrel was never seen but from the taffrail, following in the wake of the vessel; flying about in graceful gyrations, or lightly stepping with its webbed feet for a moment on the surface of the wave. The grampus or blackfish was seen at some distance, and

the phosphorescent appearance of the water at night, was an object of admiration and beauty.

But that which most completely breaks in upon the monotony of a sea voyage, is meeting with another vessel, and in nautical language, "speaking her." When out twelve days, while sitting at dinner in the cabin, the mate made his appearance at the door, to announce that a brig at a little distance had "hove to," as though wishing to speak us. The table was speedily deserted, the speaking trumpet handed from the captain's room, and anxious eyes bent on the stranger from the deck. The sound of other voices than our own seemed very strange when "ship ahoy" came hoarsely down the breeze; we exchanged names, destination, port of departure and longitude, and found our neighbour was from Quebec twenty-eight days out. What surprised us most was, her statement that she had had easterly winds all her passage, while we had had the very opposite, in fact each had had what the other wanted.

We now began to anticipate still rougher weather from our approach to the autumnal equinox; nor were we wrong in our calculations, the equinoctial gales set in with unusual violence in a few days after the sun crossed the line. I shall take this opportunity of mentioning, what may appear a trifling circumstance in itself, but which was frequently the means of procuring for us substantial comfort. Among

other books which I brought with me on board, was a small Tract Society's Almanack, with a passage of Scripture or promise selected for every day in the year; the first time that it commended itself to my notice in particular, was on the day of my ordination in Liverpool: my mind had been deeply exercised with a view of the awful responsibility of the undertaking, in which I was about to engage; I recalled to mind all the peculiar circumstances through which I had been providentially led to this choice; I earnestly prayed for divine direction, and for an assurance that I was in the path of duty, when shortly after I took out this pocket almanack to examine it, and I found the text for that day—and I had not noticed it before—was this, "I will both bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing," how inexpressibly comforting did these words appear! Without regarding it with any superstitious feelings, or even expecting to find better directions than I should have done in searching the word of God at large, I still was often led to mark the obvious coincidence between the passage for the day, and the circumstances in which we were placed. We never had a storm but we had a promise too, and on the day on which we were driving hither and thither under the force of the most furious gale we had to encounter, the passage for that day was, "Though thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee."

The third sabbath at sea was a day of real delight and spiritual enjoyment, perhaps as a preparation for approaching trials: we had then for the first time, or nearly so, a fair wind, and we were making from seven to eight knots an hour; our latitude was 49° 3″ our longitude 26° 54. Still the appearance of the sky betokened wind; at the setting of the sun, the clouds lay piled upon the horizon in heavy masses, presenting an appearance I had never witnessed before; sometimes we appeared as though we were sailing under a rocky coast of precipitous height, then the clouds took the semblance of an immense forest, parts of which catching the reflection of the sun's last rays appeared to be on fire; the whole was a dark mass, with light openings at intervals, backed with a crimson and orange sky, gradually advancing towards the zenith, where it still retained its cerulean hue: the whole circle of the horizon on the eastern side was belted with clouds of lighter colour and fantastic shape. According to our expectation the wind arose when the sun was down, and it increased to a gale which we held several days. The force of these storms it is out of my power to describe, but I think that if all the feelings of man's impotency and weakness, contrasted with the power of God, which are forced upon the mind through a long period of ordinary life, could be concentrated in the feelings of a single day, or even a single hour, the mind would receive no deeper im-

pression than is experienced during a heavy gale at sea. The sky appears as wild as it is possible to conceive; I have never witnessed such an appearance during a gale on shore; the sea makes a tremendous and unearthly sound, rushing up in mountainous heights, with labouring valleys between; not such waves were they as I had been accustomed to imagine, with a curling crest at the top of each billow, but with a roundness, a vastness, a solidity in the mass, looking more like oil in violent commotion than water; the wind roars and strains through the shrouds and rigging, with a sound not easily forgotten; the vessel heaves, and rolls, and pitches, alternately deeply sunk in a watery valley, and in another moment hoisted on the summit of a rising wave, while the spray and sea dash over the deck of the vessel, from the figure head to the wheel.

The thunder which accompanied this storm was unheard amidst the roaring of the elements, but the lightning during the night was terrific, it ran down the rigging and along the spars, lighting up in one moment the whole horizon, with the whole outline of the ship, masts, yards, booms, standing and running rigging appearing in boldest relief for an instant, to be enveloped as suddenly in pitchy darkness. The captain was struck with the electric fluid upon his wrist, as he steadied himself by a belaying pin on deck, and his arm fell powerless by his side, but he recovered the use of it on the following day.

The day after this very severe gale was more moderate, and we hoped that the violence of it was spent, but we were mistaken. Before night we were again under close-reefed topsails, with head wind and heavy cross-sea, and by the following morning the gale was again at its height: our sails were close-reefed foresail and double reefed maintop-sail—our progress was very small. I saw a sea strike the starboard bow of the vessel and the bulwarks were stripped as though they were but paper. A much longer time was now employed at the pumps, for the straining of the ship caused her to leak considerably. The nights also were now getting long, and the suspense required all the Christian resignation and patience we could command. We were sailing at a better rate on the second night, but the result was, that the decks were nearly all the time under water, the sea making a clear breach over her. About half-past three A.M. I felt a heavy sea strike the deck, a crash followed, the vessel heeled over, I heard the sea pouring down into the cabin, and I thought we were going down. I jumped up from my berth and opened the door of the state-room, but the noise drowned my loudest efforts to obtain an answer by calling—the lamp was just expiring in the cabin; but shortly afterwards the steward came, and our fears were quieted by learning that it was the skylight only which had been broken by the force of the sea. Still the motion of the vessel

was awful. I obtained a light, hung my watch within sight, and commending ourselves to the Lord, anxiously and sleeplessly waited for the morning. This ushered in the Sabbath day, but how different was our situation from that of friends on shore, our beds were wet, the cabin was moist and damp, and no apparent possibility of holding divine service. We said, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

Our captain and first mate, about this time were complaining of sickness; the former continued the exercise of his arduous duties, but the latter was laid aside. We had treated him at first for influenza, with some fear of a worse disorder, and I soon found my worst fears realized, for after a very short time he exhibited the external symptoms of small pox. We had in the first instance already narrated, felt fears that if we had a rapid run across the Atlantic, we might be detained on the quarantine ground at the end of our voyage; and again we had these fears revived. But it is not only useless, it is wrong to anticipate evils only in prospect; we were ready to grieve at our detention on the voyage to a longer extent than we had expected, yet it was so exactly arranged, in the overruling of Providence, that this individual recovered from his sickness, and lost even the marks of the complaint, the very day before we made the land—we had therefore no detention on this account, whereas

had our desires and wishes been realized, in ending our voyage a week before the time when we did reach our port, we should have been detained a considerable time in quarantine, before we could have gone on shore.

On the tenth of October we were in close proximity to the Banks of Newfoundland; our approach was marked by the sea apparently changing its colour from deep blue to a dingy green. A short time after this we were prevented by a cloudy sky from obtaining observations whereby to ascertain our progress, our ship's place was therefore ascertained by what is called "dead reckoning"—the uncertainty of this mode, and the superiority of chronometrical calculations, may be easily illustrated by a single case. On the first fine day, the captain as usual obtained sights to work out his longitude, but his calculations varied so much with the dead reckoning for the short period past, that he concluded some error in taking the time had occurred; again it was tried, and while each calculation agreed, there was still the difference between the two modes of calculation; a difference, in fact, of three degrees. We had evidently been in what is called the Gulf Stream—a powerful marine current setting to the eastward—so that although we had gone through the water at the rate the log line intimated, we had not made any westerly progress owing to the force of the current setting against us; however from this time our progress was favourable. On the

seventeenth of October we had been at sea forty-one days, and from all appearances were nor far from land. We had witnessed with feelings of pleasure the usual bustle about the vessel, in making preparations for entering port; the huge anchors which had been stowed on deck during our passage, were again hoisted over the bows, the rigging was dressed with oil, the masts and decks were scraped, the cables stowed on deck, and other necessary arrangements made. But I must not omit to remark that on this evening, and it was the last of the voyage, we were gratified and delighted with a view at the setting of the sun, of the most splendid sky, that the most lively imagination could possibly conceive. The sea was calm, and the gentle undulations of its surface, reflected the last rays of the sun in ripplets of golden hue, from the horizon to the very sides of the ship. But the sky more particularly drew my attention, there were no clouds to be seen, but the successions of different shades of colour were more distinct than I had ever seen them before. On the horizon, above the clearly defined line of water, the colour just at sunset was a deep orange fading into a rich amber colour; this gradually melted into a pale sulphur hue, that into a light green, which again caught a hue of salmon colour,—the shades were distinctly seen line above line, until the last deepened into a rich crimson flush, which suffused the western sky.

The next morning appeared to favour our anticipation, gannetts, gulls, black ducks, a single cormorant, and a few land birds, announced the vicinity of the land, and a strict look out for the same was kept.

The captain thought we should make the land in the afternoon, and we were sitting at dinner when the sound was heard that land was seen. The light-house on Sambro' Island, at the mouth of the harbour of Halifax, was the first object seen. This was a striking proof to us of the nicety with which practical navigators can calculate the progress of their ofttimes zigzag course across the mighty deep.

My feelings on viewing the land of my adoption, and the scene of my future labours, were such as cannot be pourtrayed; hope, "long deferred," rose to certainty, as we sailed up the noble harbour. At sun-down we anchored abreast of the town, and before night I had seen some of my brethren in the ministry, had heard the words oft repeated, "Welcome to Nova Scotia," and with a full and thankful heart, rejoiced to know our voyage ended.

CHAPTER SECOND.

CIRCUITS IN THE NOVA SCOTIA DISTRICT.

O the fathomless love that has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of our hands;
With our pastoral crook we went over the brook,
And, behold, we are spread into bands.
Wesley's Hymns.

ALTHOUGH several historical notices of the province of Nova Scotia have, at different periods, issued from the press, there is still, to a certain extent, but little information possessed by the generality of readers on many points connected with this important portion of the British dominions.

To some extent, this want may have been mitigated during the last few years: since the introduction of steam communication for the Anglo-American Mails, on this route, undoubtedly several thousand persons have been transitorially brought into contact with these shores; and the lessening of the distance of

time, if not of space, has made the press at home, and its readers also, more familiar with the general outlines of the province; but there is still room for much interesting matter in connection with minor details. Those remarks, with which it is intended to furnish the reader in these pages, are of a definite and limited character. Our design is more in accordance with the leisure of the journalist, than the labour of the historian; and, though its execution may not be destitude of information and interest to the general reader, the class we should select as feeling the deepest interest in our plans, is that whose sectarian or denominational peculiarities are Wesleyan; and who may be considered as looking with thankful satisfaction at the success and operations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Some years ago an attempt of this kind was made by one of the Society's Missionaries who laboured here,* whose highly poetic temperament enabled him to present an attractive volume to the public, however obsolete it may appear in the present state of religious instruction in the province. In fact, the very existence of that volume, from the circumstance just named, calls for another of the series, that its details may not be mistaken for the present situation of things. The individual that may casually assist in the first operations of chopping and clearing the wild

* Rev. Joshua Marsden.

forests of these shores may leave the spot for other scenes, with his mind so impressed with each feature as he left it, that he might almost deny the evidence of his senses, or doubt the identity of the locality, if carried back to the same spot after a lapse of years—beholding, in the situation he had left so wild, the apparently fully established mart of commerce—the busy town or village, with its stores, wharfs, shops, and neatly-finished habitations. So, likewise, an individual may discover, in the finger of that work and the present, the same marked contrast. "The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." An apparent difference, therefore, between the two narratives forms, by no means, an imputation of the untruthfulness of the former, but may serve to present some estimate of the progress made, both in civilisation and Christian feeling, in the lapse of time.

Another remark is still called for, in correction of statements proceeding from another source, still without any imputation of design, but, on the contrary, an imperfect acquaintance with facts, which may lead to a want of appreciation of the labours of this and kindred societies. In that excellent and useful publication, *Chambers' Information for the People,** it is stated,

* No. 17, page 263, Octavo Edition, 1843.

in a brief notice of the province, that the chief towns are, Halifax, Truro, Londonderry, and Onslow. An individual may then turn in inquiry to the records of the Wesleyan, or other Missionary Societies, and will perhaps find only one, or at most two, of the names above mentioned—the inference being, evidently, that some of the larger towns are entirely unoccupied; while, in fact, the statement itself is in error. Halifax is a city—Truro a small country village; but Londonderry and Onslow are neither towns nor villages, but townships. There are a few other statements in the same notice, which it would have been pleasing to rectify, to add to the interest and usefulness of this important publication; but our office is confined to those which more particularly bear upon our present object.

It must also be pleaded, in justification of what may be presented in these pages, that the prominence given to the operations of one religious society must not be regarded as a depreciation of the valuable efforts of other missionary societies, any more than the exhibition of a want of catholicity of feeling towards each and all. There is a possibility of being distinct as the billow, yet one as the ocean. Our avowed object is, to confine ourselves to personal observation of facts—that observation has been confined within the limits already mentioned, and will afford sufficient materials for the present work.

We shall, therefore, enter at once upon a bird's-eye

view of the present stations, or circuits, occupied by our missionaries.*

Until the year 1826 the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united in one large district, the former province being the first occupied, and presenting, at that time, the most extensive and favourable field of labour; but, at the period referred to, the sister province had attained that importance—that is, in ecclesiastical matters—that it was thought advisable to separate it into a district *per se*, with its own proper Chairman and place of meeting. It was in this separation, in order to give an advantage thought to be due to the new district, that the Bridgetown and Aylesford Circuits, as well as the Annapolis and Digby Circuits, were united to the New Brunswick District, though situated in the province of Nova Scotia. Their contiguity to the other districts, from

* For the information of those who are not intimately acquainted with the economical arrangements of the different departments of Wesleyan Methodism, it will be necessary to state that the several *Districts* are not necessarily confined by any provincial boundary, but simply imply an independent division of the work under the general superintendence of one of the older preachers, who presides at the annual meeting of the several preachers in the District, and is termed the Chairman of the District. These districts are under the control of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society and of the British Conference. The *Circuits*, of which these Districts are composed, comprise the parish or sphere of pastoral labour, which devolved upon each Missionary, or upon two or more where the circuit is large. The Nova Scotia District includes Halifax, Lunenbury, Liverpool, Barrington, Yarmouth, Horton and Cornwallis, Windsor, Newport and Shubenacadie, Amherst, Wallace and Guysborough, circuits in Nova Scotia Proper; Charlotte Town, Bedeyne, and Mevoray Harbour, circuits in Prince Edward Island; and Sydney and Ship Harbour, in the island of Cape Breton. The present Chairman is the Rev. Richard Knight.

the frequent means afforded for crossing the Bay of Fundy, and the improved conveyances of later years, renders this, by no means, an inconvenience to any party, only that it presents every year an apparent anomaly in the Minutes of Conference, to those who are acquainted partially with the localities themselves, and not with the reasons above assigned.

With these remarks, as introductory, we shall now confine our attention to the present situation of the several circuits in the Nova Scotia District; referring to them in the order in which they will be found in the Minutes of the British Conference; while, at the same time, a glance at the map of the province will show that they are presented in a similarly consecutive arrangement in their natural position—commencing our notice with Halifax, the capital, and advancing in a westerly direction along the coast.

Although, in a late chronological table, published in the Provincial Almanack, it appears that in 1769 two Methodist ministers visited Halifax, yet it is not until 1790 that Halifax first appears as a station on the Minutes before alluded to. As regards its local position, it has frequently been described by the tourist and historian; and a good view of the city may be found in the lately published views, by Bartlett, of British North American scenery. It rises, with a steep ascent, from the western side of the noble Harbour—extending from north to south, a

distance of nearly two miles, its streets running at right angles with each other. It is an incorporated town, or city, partially lighted with gas, containing several public buildings and ecclesiastical edifices, amongst which we shall, for reasons already mentioned, notice only the two Wesleyan Chapels, which are capable of seating, respectively about nine hundred or one thousand persons. The first of these in order is associated with the personal labours of the late Rev. William Black, who is justly looked upon as the founder of Methodism in these provinces. For a long period this was the only place of worship belonging to the Wesleyan Society in the town; but the increasing number of members and hearers led to the erection of the Brunswick Street Chapel, which may be looked upon as one of the most elegant places of worship in British North America. Its exterior presents a tasteful appearance; it has a large basement story, and a small tower at the western end; the descent from the street allowing, below the Chapel, spacious lecture rooms and school rooms, which are occupied both on the sabbath and during the week. Its decorations are of the Gothic order, and the interior presents a structure of more than ordinary claim to admiration. The gallery is supported on arches, with heavy pillars, corresponding pillars and arches springing from the gallery to the roof, the central compaatment of which is vaulted for the convenience of sound.

It has a large lancet window in the eastern end, which is painted in imitation of stained glass, is relieved with crimson hangings of damask, and in front of this is placed the pulpit, within the railing of a spacious communion; it possesses also an organ of considerable power and sweetness of tone, and in winter is warmed by furnaces placed in the basement story already alluded to. The other chapel at present is alone lighted with gas, and is an edifice less modern in its arrangements and general appearance, adjoining which are school and class rooms, as well as the residence of the superintendent minister. The circuit comprises Dartmouth, Cole Harbour, and Laurence Town on the eastern side of the Harbour, and Sambro' and Margaret's Bay on the western side; the latter place is twenty-two miles distant from Halifax. There are at present two resident missionaries and an assistant on the circuit, by means of the latter the country places are regularly supplied. Large and respectable congregations attend the stated ministry of the word, and the Society is in a healthful and prosperous state.*

* In a brief notice like the above it is impossible to introduce matter bearing on the early introduction of Methodism into Nova Scotia—to dwell on the solicitude of Dr. Coke respecting it—who was on a voyage to this province, when he was driven by contrary winds to Antigua, and commenced our Missions in the West Indies—or to enlarge on the labours of Mr. Black, who had introduced Methodism several years before the station appears on the minutes; but the reader is recommended to a perusal of the Memoirs of Rev. W. Black, by M. Richey, M.A.

The statistical details of each circuit, will be presented altogether, in a tabular form, at the close of the present chapter.

Lunenburg Circuit does not appear on the Conference minutes so early as the adjoining Town of Liverpool, but next to Halifax it is one of the oldest settlements of the province, being settled in 1753 by the Dutch and Germans to the number of two hundred families, who were transported hither at the expense of government, about four years after the landing of Governor Cornwallis in Halifax. The town itself rises abruptly, and with an imposing appearance from the water on the eastern side of the harbour, and is distant from Halifax about fifty miles by sea. In the town there are several places of worship, with one Wesleyan Chapel and a Mission House adjoining—but from the predominance of strong Lutheran prejudices and habits among the inhabitants, the cause at the head of the circuit is comparatively small.

It is not so however in the circuit around—extensive revivals of religion have taken place, and at Petite Riviere, Broad Cove, La Have, Ritzy's Cove, and Mahone Bay, spacious chapels have been erected, and attentive congregations are found from time to time assembled together to hear the word of life.

With regard to natural scenery, there are few places which are more highly favoured with varied and ex-

tensive prospects, than the town of Lunenburg from the adjoining heights. From the Block House Hill close to the town on the one side, the eye wanders over a vast expanse, embracing Chester Bay with its hundreds of islands and islets, some of them beautifully wooded, and all as a whole beautifully picturesque —the distant spire of Chester Church and the white specks of houses adding to the view; while on the other the numerous clearings in the rapidly receding forests, and the well cultivated farms, mark the industry of the settlers—and the broad waters of the Atlantic form a mighty belt, nearly encircling this interesting view of mingled land and ocean.

A trip to the westward from the harbour of Lunenburg, a distance of about forty miles, brings us to the next Station.

Liverpool is one of the prettiest towns or villages in this province. It is situated at the farthest accessible part of the harbour, about three miles from the entrance, and where the waters of the river (named the Mersey, I believe, after its prototype in England) fall into the harbour proper; the town consists of one main street, the houses are neither compact nor scattered, many of them are elegant residences, situated within the precincts of well cultivated gardens, with ornamental trees and shrubs surrounding them; the Lombardy poplar, the graceful acacia or locust tree, the horse chesnut, the lilac and the labur-

num, make a beautiful vista for the eye to rest upon in looking down the street; and certainly these embellishments will be even more highly appreciated, after an examination of the surrounding country.

Unlike the last mentioned station, there are no retreating forests and extensively cultivated lands surrounding this place, the surface of the ground is covered with huge boulders of granite, which almost set at defiance the skill and perseverance of the agriculturist, but which serve by contrast, to make the studiously neat, and well-appointed residences and gardens of the town itself appear to greater advantage. Some of the oldest and most valuable local auxiliaries to the cause of Wesleyan Methodism have lived and died in this place, and many are still found here, whose houses have long been open to the reception of Ministers of our Connexion, both transient and resident. Their "prophets' chamber on the wall" it is their pride and their pleasure to keep sacred to its use; and their hospitality is proverbial in their constant desire to "welcome the coming—speed the going guest."

There is, in the town, a compact Mission establishment, comprising a large chapel and vestry, (the latter being a convenience not sufficiently appreciated in connection with the religious establishments of this country) and commodious Mission House, with garden and grounds adjoining. The burial ground

is in the rear of the chapel, and here rest the mortal remains of one of the Society's Missionaries, (the late Rev. William Mc'Donald) whose name and memory are still cherished on these shores. The wide extent of this circuit renders it a very laborious one. Mill's village, ten miles east from Liverpool, is a little colony of Wesleyans, and is the only station visited on that side of the river; but on the western shore, a succession of harbour along the coast, containing small settlements, is visited by the Missionary to the extent of thirty miles from the head of the Circuit, including Hants Point, Port Muttoon, Port Jolie, Port le Bare, Sable River, and Little Harbour. The post road running through these several places, or at the head of these harbours, has greatly facilitated the communication; though some years ago, this rather resembled the dry and rocky bed of a torrent, than a public highway, but now, with the improvements of later years, wheel carriages traverse the post road with comparative comfort. At the same time, when the Missionary leaves the main road, he travels over rocks and swamps, forming a pathway such as can scarcely be conceived or described. In most of the places above mentioned are neat chapels, and considerable congregations. There are at present two Missionaries engaged on this circuit.

The next circuit, in the order we have pointed out before, is Barrington. This cannot properly be

called either town or village, but it is an old missionary station, and a very interesting one. At the head of the harbour are two saw mills and a few houses, and very near also are the Chapel and Mission premises: the former has been lately enlarged with the addition of side galleries and neat tower and spire, which, with its clean white appearance, forms a conspicuous and interesting object, either in entering the harbour, or for some miles distant, in approaching it from the westward, and it may with propriety be added, that if any prospect needed an object for interest or relief, it is the one just alluded to. The reader will have been prepared for entering upon more rocky and uninteresting scenery, in the general features of the country, as we travel in a westerly direction, from some few remarks made in our notice of the last circuit under consideration; but here we step at once into the very midst of the most extravagant profusion of rocks. On attaining the summit of a hill in travelling from the westward towards Barrington, the road for ten long miles previous, having been in the very midst of the woods, a winding line of narrow road not sufficiently wide for two carriages to pass without going into the bush, without a prospect, and not a single house to relieve the eye for this distance. On emerging from this, and arriving at the top of a considerable eminence, a prospect of barrenness and desolation unequalled, presents itself to

the eye. The existence of the spruce and pine, even with their unchanging verdure, appears (except in the distance) to be denied to this spot. On every side, through a vast range of vision, aggregated millions of granite boulders shew themselves in every variety of form and size—to say that the ground is covered with them, conveys but an imperfect idea—they are literally heaped upon each other—Ossa on Pelion piled—scarcely a spot of ground can be traced free from these natural incumbrances; with a few solitary exceptions by the side of the road, where huts and small houses have been built. Apart from these, human exertions appear to have passed over this spot in utter hopelessness of reclaiming any part for the use of man or beast, while, to add to its utterly desolate appearance, the ravages of an extensive forest-burning are visible over the whole surface; not a tree of the former forest, which flourished here in bygone times is seen, but a few blackened trunks, and scathed limbs of trees are mixed with the heaps of rock, on which ever side the eye is turned.

This short description has been somewhat digressive, we return to the Mission Premises—from this spot, which is almost within a stone's throw of the water, an interesting view of the harbour presents itself. Cape Sable, the Ultima Thule of Nova Scotia, and the dread of mariners, forms the south western point of the harbour; it is in itself part of the island

called by the same name, and at the passage, as it is termed, which separates this by a narrow channel from the mainland, there are several houses and small farms, in fact the whole harbour is settled along its shores from thence to the head, as well as on the other side.

The labour of this circuit is chiefly confined to the part which lies east of the harbour: these settlements have been occupied as missionary ground for many years, and the names of men who were pioneers in the field years ago, and who are gone to their repose in heaven, are held in affectionate remembrance, and are the familiar topic of many conversations still. At Cape Negro, Port La Tour, Northeast Harbour, and Port Roseway, are neat chapels, and an extensive society; as also at Shelburne, which demands a more lengthened notice. In the minutes of 1791, Shelburne appears as the head of a circuit, and at one time in the town itself, I have been informed that there were between three and four hundred members in society; it is now united with the Barrington circuit, and previous to a late revival, there was scarcely the remnant of a Wesleyan Society in the place. It may be interesting to allude to the very singular history of this place—it was first settled in the year 1764, but it was not until the close of the American war, in 1783, that the romance of its history begins. When the United States had been recognised as an in-

dependent government, a vast number of individuals, who had adhered during the struggle to their loyalty, emigrated from the states to this province, the number has been estimated as high as twenty thousand, including men of property, education, professional reputation, agriculturists, mechanics, cum multis aliis—the greater proportion of these built the town of Shelburne, and settled there. But how changed the scene—there are not now, nor have there been for the last twenty years, four hundred persons resident in the place, although it has one of the safest and most commodious harbours in the world.

The error appears to have consisted in want of foresight in building a large town in a part of the province evidently inadequate, from the barrenness and sterility of the surrounding country, to support so large a population. The capital introduced was expended in buildings, of most of which only the sites now remain, while its first inhabitants were compelled soon to leave the place, to seek a more favourable situation.

If any place ever completely personified the idea of the "Deserted Village," surely it is this—cellars from which the superstructure has totally decayed abound on every side, and a general gloom seems to hang over the place.

The streets are rectangular and wide, but grass grown, and yet the visitor who has haply passed his

early life in England, will feel an interest in the place, for there is something in the ancient style and character of the buildings, although they are of wood, which is so very different from the present erections of the country, that they will forcibly remind him of home. The door divided horizontally in the middle, the heavy porch with massive balustrade, and a spacious seat, the old fashioned large brass knocker, all speak of other scenes; and a few of the ancient settlers are still to be found who assisted in cutting down the original forest, and laying out the new streets, and who can still talk eloquently of the former history of the place.

We have here still a large and commodious chapel, and though the distance from the head of the circuit (twenty-two miles) precludes, among other equally important claims, numerous visits from the stationed minister; yet throughout the whole circuit, a fresh impulse has been lately experienced, in which this place has participated, and marks of rich and abounding spiritual prosperity again are seen. In the increase of labourers it still may rise and again occupy its former position as the head of a circuit; a circumstance which would greatly mitigate the labour of the single minister on the circuit, and afford an opportunity for entering many providential openings which have presented themselves in the neighbourhood, during the past few years.

Yarmouth is distant in a north-westerly direction from the last named circuit, forty-three miles, and in itself presents fewer local impediments to the journeyings of the missionary from the excellent roads which surround it, and the facilities it presents for communicating with distant places—but it has been, morally considered, a soil where much has been found to obstruct the rapid progress of Wesleyan Methodism. Its proximity to the United States has offered easy access to many new and dangerous doctrines; while the existence of deeply rooted Antinomian prejudices, has for a long period served to retard the progress of a free and unfettered gospel. Some of these peculiarities if introduced in these pages, might amuse, but they would not instruct the reader; they are rapidly disappearing, and the next generation will be found in the possession of advantages, which might be sought for in vain among the past.

For a period of more than twenty-five years, it has occasionally received the labours of Wesleyan missionaries, subject to interruption at several times. Among those who first laboured here, the name of Dr. Alder, now one of the General Secretaries of the Society in London, is held in affectionate remembrance by many of the older inhabitants of the place. It is not until lately that this station has received an appointment of any except unmarried ministers, and these appointments have been subject to several in-

terruptions; but during the winter of 1840-41 a gracious revival of religion took place, the number of communicants was increased from thirty-five to one hundred and fifty, and at the request of the most influential friends, at the subsequent district meeting, it was made a married station. Its numbers have since this period increased very considerably, as will be seen in the schedule at the close of this chapter.

There are in the circuit two good Wesleyan chapels, which are well attended; the one is situated at Milton, and the other at Yarmouth Proper, two miles asunder —the distance between them being one continuous street. There is also a large class at Chebogne, with a commodious school-house occupied regularly for divine worship, and preaching places at Lake George, Carlton and Beaver River. In a few years these openings may be doubled in number, from the willingness manifested among all classes to receive the labours of the Missionary.

About midway between the chapels at Yarmouth and Milton, and on the main street, the friends have exerted themselves with laudable energy to erect a comfortable Mission House. Such an one is now occupied, including garden, stabling, and every accommodation, and embracing a most delightful and extensive prospect. The harbour is directly in front, and the view extends over its opposite shore, so as to embrace the wider limits of the Bay of Fundy.

This circuit finishes the western section of the province, according to the plan laid down in following the southern line of coast in a westerly direction. Having arrived at Yarmouth, the extremity of the province, our course must be on the northern shore, and in an easterly direction. Following this route at a distance of nearly seventy miles we reach the neat little Town of Digby—no intermediate mission station exists. The county of Clare is almost exclusively occupied by the Acadian French, who are, like the Indians, an entire Roman Catholic population. At Weymouth, there is a Protestant settlement, which is included in the extensive limits of the Annapolis and Digby Circuits. It will be remembered that this circuit, and, advancing farther on, the Bridgetown and Aylesford Circuit, now successively traced upon the map as lying in our present course, have been noticed as being under the jurisdiction of the New Brunswick district, for reasons therein stated. It is not our intention, therefore, to enter into an examination of these stations, but pursuing our way through a most delightful and fertile country, and entering the beautiful vales of Cornwallis and Horton, we are again placed upon our intended track of observation.

Our late route and present position, have found us in what has not been inaptly termed "the Garden of Nova Scotia." The whole landscape presents the appearance of rich cultivation. A succession of rich

farms marks the whole distance from Annapolis to Horton, upwards of seventy miles. The North Mountain—from Cape Blomidon in the Basin of Minas, to Digby Gut, in an unbroken line, with its slopes and summit alike covered with a rich and luxurious growth of hard wood—shelters this lovely valley from the boisterous winds and dense fogs of the Bay of Fundy; while, parallel to this, the Nictaux hills serve to divide it from the rough and almost unexplored tract of country which, between this and the shores, we have already travelled, is a wild region of forests, savannahs, and lakes.

At the extreme Horton end of the Circuit, the Basin of Minas adds all the necessary charm of water-scenery to this interesting locality. In fact a great part of the valley in question bears evident marks of having once been under water; and thousands of acres of dyke land have been reclaimed from the waters of the basin, its rich alluvial requiring no manure, but, season after season, yielding its luxuriant crop.

Neither Horton nor Cornwallis can be considered properly as a village: the whole is a large settlement, each house having its adjacent farm; the former is, generally speaking, on the main post road, the latter is situated on the other side of a river, to the northward of the said road, on the level plain of dyked land intervening between the road and the North

Mountain. A part of the former settlement opposite to Cornwallis is called Wolfville; and consists principally of beautiful villas—the orchards and gardens surrounding each cottage with the most interesting marks of cultivation.

The Mission House is situated in Lower Horton, within a short mile of the shores of the Basin of Minas. It is on a pleasant eminence; and, opposite to it, but divided by the public road, is the principal chapel—a neat structure, with a well-proportioned spire. At the back of the house there is a beautiful prospect; Cape Blomidon, in the distance, marks the strait, where the waters of the basin unite with those of the Bay of Fundy. Beyond the Cape, the distant shores of Parrsborough are easily discerned; while, below the hill on which the house stands, the wide sweep of the Grand Prairie, above two thousand acres in extent, spreads its verdant carpet—the distant zig-zag fences on its surface looking, from this distance, like the tracery of the spider's web, as seen sometimes upon a grassy lawn.

Besides the chapel already mentioned, there is one at Greenwick, near the angle of the road which leads to Cornwallis; another has been lately erected in the pretty village of Kentville. Another is found on the Cornwallis side of the circuit, at Habitant, besides preaching places at Parro, on the mountain Canaan road and the road leading to Windsor.

On this circuit several extensive revivals of religion have taken place. The labour is now divided between two stationed ministers; and, ere long, there will undoubtedly be a division of the circuit, and a mission establishment formed over the river.

Our route now leads us to the road over the Horton Mountain, to ascend which we pass what may truly be called the beautiful valley of the Gaspereaux. A winding river of the same name flows through it, and adds to the beauty of the scene, which is best looked upon after ascending the opposite mountain, when, on turning back, the most extensive, the most diversified, the most interesting landscape in the whole province bursts upon the eye. Immediately below is the vale just mentioned: amidst the beautiful green of its meadows, the serpentine river winds along its course, until it falls into the distant basin. Beyond the valley the whole landscape of Horton and Cornwallis may be literally looked down upon. Beyond this is the Basin of Minas, with its nineteen tributary streams. On the left of the view the horizon is bounded by the North Mountain, terminating in the bold outline of the Cape; and on the right, the very low lands of Parrsborough meet with the same, near the centre, and mark the outlet into the bay—the whole scene animated by numerous vessels on the basin, and an occasional steam-boat plying towards Windsor. In advancing on our course towards the

latter place, after traversing the high lands, and descending into the township of Falmouth, we reach the river Avon, on the opposite banks of which the town is situated. Over the river, nearly opposite to the town, there is a bridge of singular construction: it is an American invention, (the property of a Joint-Stock Company) being a covered structure of wood, resting on stone piers, but said, in itself, to be on a self-supporting principle. The length of the bridge is not less than 1000 feet—the rise and fall of the tide, at the same place being thirty feet.

Windsor is one of the most compact little towns in the province: it is distant, by the post road, forty-five miles from the metropolis; and, from this circumstance, connected with its being the point at which both the shore roads of the western section of the province meet, as well as its convenient water communication with the other province, it is a place of considerable bustle and activity, especially in the summer season, during which two steam boats ply between this port and St. John, N.B. By these means passengers arriving in the mail steamers from England in Halifax may some times reach St. John in twenty hours from the latter place; while, from St. John, a steamer runs twice a week to Boston in the United States. The country around is highly cultivated, and exceedingly beautiful, from the absence of the fogs which prevail so much on the southwestern coast. Fruit trees, in

this place, are cultilated to great perfection and advantage. The scenery is alternated between the level of dyked lands, and the occasional rising ground covered with rich foliage; the meadows are intersected by the river St. Croix, the course of which is hidden by the level of the land around; and, when the plaister vessels are wending their way to the quarries of gypsum, which abound here, they frequently appear in full sail, as though in the very midst of a luxuriant meadow.

On approaching the town from Halifax this is a very common occurrence, and the general prospect cannot fail to command attention. The extensive buildings of King's College on an eminence to the left, the episcopal church, and a few really elegant cottages on the right, are within a mile of the town, objects of general notice; while in the town itself the beautiful elm trees in the streets, and the neat buildings around, are sufficient favourably to impress the mind of the visitor.

The Wesleyan Chapel and Mission house are in the main street, both neat and complete in their appointments, having been much improved during the last few years. The Society is large and respectable. The circuit extends to Falmouth on the opposite side of the river, and in the absence of an ordained minister in the adjoining circuit, the incumbent of this has frequently to visit Newport and Shubenacudie to ad-

minister the ordinances: the two latter places were lately incorporated with the Windsor circuit, assisted by two young men—probationers for the ministry—but they have again been separated, and may demand a separate and passing notice.

Newport, Shubenacudie, and Truro. The first-named place has long been occupied, and successfully cultivated by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The principal chapel is situated at Oakland. A Mission house was occupied formerly about two miles from this place, but the property has been sold to provide a more suitable establishment near to the chapel just named. The distance of Oakland Chapel from Windsor is seventeen miles by the post road, at the same time, in a direct line, its actual distance is not more than five miles. The discrepancy is occasioned by the intervention of the rapid stream of the river St. Croix already mentioned, which immediately below this place empties itself into the Basin of Minas, or more properly mingles its waters with those of the Avon in their course thither.

If these streams were not subject to the peculiar tidal phenomena of the waters of the Bay of Fundy, there would be no difficulty in crossing and recrossing them in boats, or erecting substantial bridges for public accommodation; but in these rivers, the St. Croix, the Kennetcook, and the Shubenacudie, there is a rise and fall of from thirty to fifty feet, leaving the bed of

the stream nearly dry at low water. This immense efflux and reflux of tide, produces a current of fearful rapidity, travelling at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and entirely precluding the possibility of crossing, except either at dead low water, or on the top of the tide. Several accidents have occurred on these rivers, owing to persons venturing to make the attempt at an improper time: there is in fact no danger, when a proper calculation is made, or under the guidance of one accustomed to the circumstances. But such is the impetuous rush of the tide, that after a roaring sound suddenly striking the ear, the first indication of its approach is seen in a wall of water from three to five feet high, rolling in with a rapidity and force which nothing can withstand. Whenever the passage is made at low water, and the state of the tide properly calculated, there may be no real danger, but there is often much positive inconvenience.

The sides of the river are a precipitous bank of soft mud, which may be traversed on horseback without much difficulty. But my first essay in crossing was in a gig, with a brother missionary as my pilot, to whom habit had familiarised the attempt. We were accompanied by two other missionaries in another gig. These passed down, across, and up the opposite steep before us, in an encouraging manner, and then our turn came. We passed through the deep soft mud of the bank, in going down, very well, and

crossed the bed of the river without difficulty: indeed we had well nigh attained the summit of the almost perpendicular bank on the other side—the poor horse labouring to the very knees in slimy mud—when, at the very last pinch, either strength or disposition failed him; for a moment he backed, and in another he plunged round, dashed down the bank, and we were again on the bed of the river. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful, though the whip was applied with some energy. The alternative seemed somewhat perplexing; in a few minutes the tide would return. A walk up the bank was not a matter to be desired, nor would it easily have been accomplished; but it must have been undertaken, had not one of the friends who had already crossed, volunteered a second descent to our assistance. By this means the difficulty was overcome; and then the other horse brought up his master alone, willingly enough, evidently signifying that he had no inclination to carry extra passengers.

It is not long since that a minister of another denomination was attempting to cross the Shubenacudie river, when the tide was too near its turn, and, just when he had reached the middle of the river, he saw the mass of water rushing in upon him; in another moment it was under the wheels of the carriage, and he saved his life alone by springing on the back of the horse, cutting the harness with his knife, and

swimming the horse ashore—leaving his carriage and luggage to the mercy of the waves.

In the Newport Circuit, there are chapels in addition to the one already mentioned—at Meander, at Kennetcook, and at Kempt, besides several other preaching places. Shubenacudie and Truro are on the point of receiving a separate establishment, an unmarried preacher having been labouring there, for some time, with great success. Openings are found on every side; the wide and extensive settlements of Douglas, Rawdon, and Truro are as fields white to the harvest; and already, at Maitland, a Mission House has been erected principally by the liberality of an old and tried friend to the mission cause.

Amherst is the next circuit in order upon the minutes. A packet sails weekly from Windsor across the Basin of Minas to Parrsborough, a distance of thirty miles, which is generally accomplished in a single tide. At the landing place there is a very small collection of houses—scarcely amounting to a village. The inhabitants are chiefly dependant for support on their fishing, or obtain employment under an extensive mercantile establishment in ship-building, &c. The shore, at the landing place opposite to the houses, is a gradually shelving beach, no wharf offering facilities for stepping on shore, whereas, if such a convenience were ever really desirable, it is wanted here.

Most persons crossing in the packet boat have an inland journey to perform after they land, and generally have their horse, or horse and light waggon, on board with them, which it is desirable to disembark with as little delay as possible. On one occasion, in travelling to the district meeting, which was to be held at Amherst, I made this passage when we had six or seven horses on board, and as many gigs or light waggons—so many more of the latter, in fact, than the deck of the small schooner could accommodate, that we had literally to take off the wheels, and stow them in bulk. But it is discharging a cargo like this which forms a matter of the greatest difficulty. If the horses alone required assistance, in the matter of getting ashore, there would be but little trouble, nor indeed much ceremony either; trembling and snorting he is brought to the gangway, while the vessel lies at anchor, half a mile from the shore: willing or unwilling makes but little difference; an oar is placed behind him, and, in another second, he is seen in the water, shaking himself after his sudden plunge, and then paddling off to the shore. There is, indeed, a passage up the river, at a short distance from the landing, where there are some apologies for wharfs, and to which the vessel is sometimes taken to land the waggons which have been left on board. On the occasion to which I have alluded, we landed about sun-set, leaving both waggons and horses on board,

not wishing the horses to be swum ashore in the evening. We were told that the vessel would be round in the river, and at the wharf by ten o'clock, P.M., where we must also be in attendance to claim our own.

After waiting the appointed time, we repaired to the place, which we found, with considerable difficulty, in the dark; but, when we arrived there, we found no vessel at the wharf; nor was it any where to be seen. After some time, and when our eyes became better used to the darkness, we discovered an object in the river, which proved to be the schooner; but the hands had been engaged in fishing with some success, and had delayed weighing anchor too long; so that, having to beat up the river against the wind, when she at length arrived at the wharf we found, to our disappointment, that the tide had risen so far above what we wanted, that the vessel was too high out of water to discharge her cargo on the wharf. Nor was it yet high water, so that we were still obliged to wait until the tide had first risen to its height, and then receded again sufficiently to bring the deck of the vessel level with the wharf. There was a heavy dew falling, the air was chilly, and no shelter for us but the close cabin of the vessel; so we preferred lighting a large fire on the beach, and waited as patiently as possible for our release. A little want of patience might still have placed us in difficulties: some attempted to get out the horses before the tide

had sufficiently fallen, and one or two fell with violence among the rocks, which ballasted the crazy wharf; but at length our object was completely and safely effected; and we drove to the house, where we were accommodated, about one o'clock in the morning.

By a reference to the Missionary Reports, or Minutes of Conference, it will be seen in the stations, that this village gave its name to the circuit to which we now allude. There was evidently an impropriety in the name; for, even then, the Mission House and principal chapel were at Meccan, thirty miles distant. Now a change has been effected, which was long felt to be desired. The situation of the Mission House was an isolated one: no surrounding village was near, where the influence of a mission family could be appreciated; and there was always a great difficulty experienced, in the absence of any regular conveyance, for obtaining necessary supplies. Under these circumstances, the removal was effected: a most judicious one it was; for, although it was then somewhat nearer the centre of the circuit than now, yet that extent is so great that the difference, in this respect, is only slightly felt, and is fully counterbalanced by many other advantages.

The circuit is the largest and most unwieldy one in the province, being upwards of a hundred and twenty miles in length, extending, on the shores of

the Bay of Fundy, to Parrsborough and Advocate Harbour; thence to Meccan, Nappan, and Amherst. The labour is somewhat relieved latterly, by the employment of a second missionary on its farthest limits.

The town of Amherst is one of considerable local importance, possessing several public buildings, including court house, hotels, and several places of worship. The site on which the town stands is connected with one of the most extensive levels in the province: it stands on the edge of the great Tantramar marsh, in extent enclosing more than four thousand acres, and across which a road runs in a direct line to the boundary of the province, about five miles distant; and thence to Sackville, where the Wesleyan Academy has been erected, which must be the subject of a future notice. In summer, this extensive plain presents a beautiful appearance: it is seldom broken up with the plough, but is covered with verdure, and supplies vast quantities of hay, and extensive pasturage grounds for cattle.

In the town the friends have lately erected one of the most elegant country chapels in the province: like many others of them, in this country, it has a very neat spire, springing from light arches, which form the belfry: in this instance, which is not common, there is a good-toned bell. The prospect from the belfry is delightful, embracing the distant settle-

ment of Minudie, with the waters of Cumberland Basin and Chignuto Bay.

It has been already intimated that, in the new arrangement, two preachers are now employed; and the circumstance of the superintendent residing at Amherst renders it more pleasant, not only from the facilities already alluded to, but because it obviates those difficulties, even now experienced in too many of these circuits, of the brethren being far distant from each other. Many things will necessarily arise, in the course of a year's labour, which render it desirable that personal intercourse, and that not unfrequently, should be maintained between the preacher and his colleagues in the adjacent circuit. The trials of missionary life may be materially mitigated by mutual counsel and sympathy; but this is impossible, in many of the circuits, from their great extent. It is not so now, in this station. Within the compass of ten miles the preacher at Amherst may meet with three of his coadjutors at Sackville—two being connected with the Academy there, as Governor and Principal, and one stationed on the circuit. He is also equally near to the Point de Bute station. Although these belong economically to the district of New Brunswick. He is also very near to the next circuit which claims our notice, which is

Wallace.—This also is an extensive and important circuit; and, although the want of a comfortable resi-

dence for a mission family, has prevented it from being occupied as a married station for some time, this evil is now removed by the erection of a mission house, capable of receiving and accommodating a large family: the Indian name of Ramsheg was, for some time, its designation on the annual list of stations. It is situated on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, opposite to Prince Edward Island; and includes, within its limits, the settlements of River John and Puywash.

After thus tracing the outlines of the province, from east to west, and coming round now to the north-east section, still advancing to complete the circuit of the whole, it will perhaps be a matter of surprise that, from this circuit, following our course through the Gut of Canso, and along the shore to Halifax again, there is only one station more on the whole line occupied by the Wesleyan Missionaries: this is at Guysborough, near to Canso. Portions of the intervening coast would have been occupied had there been a surplus of labourers in the field, instead of a scanty supply. At the same time, it is not our intention to fall into the error into which some have (perhaps unwittingly) fallen, and, because these parts are not occupied by us, represent them as entirely destitute. It may be that the absence of a recognition of the efforts of other valuable bodies of labourers, may already, in these pages, have awakened the regret of

some; and, had we not marked out our ground, and prescribed the limits of this work, it would have been a pleasing portion of our duty so to have done; but we have an opportunity here, without encroaching on those limits, to state that Picton, on the Gulf shore, is a Scotch settlement, and the Presbyterian form of worship prevails throughout the township. At the same time, warm invitations have not been wanting, by some friends, to request the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission here. At other places on this same coast, viz. at Antigonish and at Arichat the Episcopal Church and the Baptists have settled pastors and interesting congregations.

Guysborough is situated at the head of Chedabucto Bay, which is computed to be fifteen miles in breadth, and twenty-five miles long, to the entrance of Guysborough harbour. The latter is a beautiful sheet of water, capable of admitting very large vessels, and sheltered by surrounding hills. Few places possess the attractions of natural scenery, more than the immediate neighbourhood of Guysborough: like most of our mission stations, from the mission house there is a beautiful view of the water. The chapel is contiguous to the premises; the town is small, but neat, the streets crossing each other at right angles; and, as might be expected from its natural advantages, the fisheries are here carried on with activity and enterprise. Some idea of their extent and importance

may be deduced from a fact recorded in Haliburton's history of the province, that in some seasons from eight hundred to one thousand barrels of mackerel have been taken by a seine at one draught, and that in the years 1824 and 1825 the catch, at Fox Island, at the mouth of the harbour, amounted to twenty thousand barrels each year.

One missionary is stationed here—distant from his nearest brother missionary at Sydney, more than a hundred miles, and upwards of two hundred from any other in the province.

In pursuing the plan we have laid down, we are now called to leave the limits of Nova Scotia Proper, and visit the interesting Island of Prince Edward, named after the illustrious parent of the present Queen, who was, for some time, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in this province. The capital of the island is Charlotte Town, distant from Picton, across the straits of Northumberland, about sixty miles.

The annual meeting of the preachers, in the Nova Scotia district, was held in Charlotte Town, for the first time, in 1838: its distance from some other part of the district had hitherto been an obstacle; but the earnest wishes of numerous friends presented an appeal which could not be denied. It was in proceeding to that meeting that I first had the opportunity of visiting this interesting station; and it was on this journey

that I witnessed, for the first time, some of those peculiarities, which are calculated to strike the mind of a stranger, as incidental to a new and foreign country.

One of these peculiarities was the effect produced in the spring of the year, when, at the breaking up of the winter, the frost leaves the ground. For five months in the year the ground is, generally speaking, in a frozen state: the surface of the road, at such time, is elevated by the action of the frost, as is manifest plainly when any large rocks are found in the road. The smaller ones are heaved with the ground itself, but the larger and immovable ones appear sunken some inches below the surface, a considerable fissure being visible in the earth around them. The frost penetrates, in a severe winter, to the depth of a foot, and sometimes more; and it will be evident that the return to its natural state must exhibit a considerable change.

Where the ground is swampy, this would be more particularly evidenced, if it were not for the fact that in such places, the road is first made by placing logs —the rough trunks of straight trees—transversely across the road close to each other, covering the whole with a layer of earth. It is not here therefore that the worst features are always seen; but on the first part of a hilly ascent, where the action of springs underground is felt, and when the moisture arising from melted banks of snow has been deposited, the

passage of a vehicle, when the frost is first leaving the ground, produces a singular shaking of the surrounding soil; the whole appears to be of the consistency of dough, and it trembles like the surface of a quagmire. When the frost has fully left the ground, this has become still more saturated with moisture, the whole crust has broken up, the panting horses sink up to their knees at every step, the vehicle labours to the very axletree through intense mud of the consistency of mortar, travelling is then exceedingly dangerous, sometimes all are mired together, and require extra efforts for their extrication. This was the case indeed on this very road, immediately previous to our arrival. We were pointed to the spot where the stage coach had only two days previously been literally dug out of the mire. This state of the roads however, does not last very long, the very means which appears most likely to render the mass still more liquid, has a directly contrary effect; for the first heavy rain solidifies the mass, beats it down to its proper consistency, and according to provincial phraseology, effectually "settles the roads." In usual seasons this takes place in the middle of April, but it sometimes takes place earlier, and sometimes it is delayed till May.

Another peculiarity of transatlantic scenery was witnessed also for the first time on this journey, this was what may be truly called, the sudden burst of

spring—the simultaneous assumption by the wide spreading forests of their vernal dress. For some time previous, the spring rains and warm sun had combined to soften the waxen cerements of the tender bud on the various trees, but as yet not a leaf was to be seen. On the first day of the journey it is true that the balsam poplar (populus balsamifera) had unfolded—like the blossom preceding the leaf—the graceful tendril which was to expand and burst its cottony tufts in the heat of summer. The wild cherry too (prunus cerisus) with a beautiful blossom like a cluster of snowdrops—also preceding the foliage—was seen blooming amidst the dry branches around it.

The sun had now burst out with surprising strength, so that on the second day's journey the distant forests had a delicate shade of the lightest green, and on the following day they were sufficiently clothed to relieve the eye with a beautiful variety of shades, from the lightest to the deepest hue; while from every grove a thousand welcome notes of wild songsters seemed to join in chorus to say—"The winter is passed, the rains are over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

But it is not the singing of birds only—these digressions of ours are like concentric rings on the smooth lake, which even the dip of a swallow will occasion, each succeeding one leads wider from the centre, and so with us—the singing of birds reminds

us of another transatlantic peculiarity, the music of the frogs. The term itself may perhaps provoke a smile, but still the frogs are worthy of the provincial designation they have obtained, they are the nightingales of Nova Scotia. I have heard them with all the variety of sounds, and the succession of cadences, so remarkable in the music of the Eolian harp—nor is there any thing overdrawn in this simile—the softness of the flageolet, and the shrillness and clearness of a whistle, might both be adduced as illustrations; but no language can convey a correct idea. Sometimes on approaching the swamp where the concert is held, if in a wheeled vehicle, when the noise of the wheels is heard, a chirp or two like the note of a bird is heard, and this operates as an alarm—in a moment all is still. Then if the auditor will stay his progress and listen, he will be amply repaid—one single note, with a vibration in the sound similar to that which would be produced by putting a small pea into a flageolet will be heard, low in tone, but distinct and musical, in a second or two this will be followed by a higher note, perfectly according in harmony, then another and another until you have successively solo, duet, trio, quartette, and full chorus. The deep hoarse note of the bull frog occasionally heard like the sound produced by twanging with the finger the thick string of the violoncello.

I shall again ask the indulgence of the reader while I refer to another matter, which properly belongs to

this place, because its novelty at the time was connected with the same journey, and though not of the pleasing character, as a peculiarity, it is not less worthy of notice. I allude to the plague of the mosquito. On returning from Picton to Truro in the stage, after a weary day's journey we arrived in the latter place late in the evening, and as our party occupied the whole vehicle; to avoid the necessity of hastening our journey in the heat of the day, we proposed to make a very early start the following morning; accordingly we were on our journey as early as half-past two A.M. It was a mild moist summer's morning, in the third week of June, and our conversation appeared to turn naturally upon the subject of mosquito invasion, for our road lay through a level swampy country, the very place for the insect's wildest ravages. One of our little company had been narrating his sufferings in Newfoundland, on one occasion from the same cause, and his account had its effect upon me to make me dread the impending storm, but in this instance my imagination had not outstripped the reality. As day dawned, the Philistines were upon us, our enemies were numerous and they were lively. I had never felt their sting before, but the recollection of that morning does not fade; had there been on their part as on ours, a simultaneous annual convention, surely we had arrived at the very time of business. For nearly six hours our con-

versation was restricted to notes of exclamation; cloud after cloud of the invaders entered the open stage; our hands were incessantly employed; our foreheads, faces, head and hands, every accessible part, was assailed without mercy; it was no bloodless war; putting our foes to flight was no conquest; neutrality was impossible, and we were compelled to the encounter until the violence of the attack abated on our reaching higher ground. Our friend from Newfoundland hesitated not to admit his former experience was imperfect, and I was so thoroughly tired, that I tied my head over with a handkerchief, and sank on the rough mail bags at our feet, to seek some relief in broken and disturbed slumbers.

But our progress to Charlotte Town has been too long delayed by these descriptions, yet the distance in narrative is soon accomplished. Picton is one hundred miles from Halifax, thence by steamer to Charlotte town sixty miles. This lays us alongside the wharf on the Hillsborough, on the shores of which stands this pretty town.

The town itself presents an interesting appearance on approaching it from the sea, and this is not lessened by a nearer and more intimate acquaintance.

The streets are wide and rectangular, containing several churches belonging to different denominations, with other public buildings. This being a detached government, possessing its own Lieut. Governor,

Council, House of Assembly, Judges, &c. it has more public buildings connected with these than are found in most places of the same extent. The Government House stands on the left of the town in coming up the harbour, and being surrounded by trees, presents an interesting appearance. The houses in the town are generally detached and surrounded with gardens; the streets are carpeted with greensward; an air of quiet and retirement appears to pervade all except the immediate business parts of the town, and combines to render it in every respect a desirable place of residence. The climate is colder in winter, and warmer in summer than in Nova Scotia. There is no dense fog ever known to approach its shores, and the whole island is so free from rocks and stones, that it does not furnish a sufficient supply for the making of substantial roads.

In one of the principal streets there is a very spacious Wesleyan Chapel, and a commodious residence for the preacher, with a large garden fronting the street. Large and interesting congregations, with an extensive society of members, connect themselves with the cause in this place: where also several local preachers assist in dividing and relieving the labour of the superintendent. There are also chapels in the country parts of the circuit, and several other preaching places—the principal are at Little York and Lot Forty-nine; the latter place is on the other side of the harbour some miles distant. The harbour is crossed

in summer by a boat worked with horses called a team boat, and in winter it is always frozen over and passable for vehicles for some months.

Some years since Murray Harbour was occupied as a station, but it has lately been unsupplied with a resident preacher, owing to a deficiency in our numbers; it receives, however, occasional visits from the Charlotte Town circuit.

The only other station occupied on the island is Bedeque, at the northern extremity, distant from the capital about forty miles. Some remarkable fossil remains and silicated trunks of trees have been found at Crapaud, in this circuit, which place, with Tryon and Bedeque, contains Wesleyan chapels and extensive interest. There are several other preaching places, making this, on the whole, a laborious circuit. The residence of the Missionary has lately been removed from Bedeque to Searle Town, where a new Mission House has been built, delightfully situated, and central to the work of the circuit.

The only remaining station which calls for our notice in the district is that of Sydney, the capital of the Island of Cape Breton, the great depôt for coal, from whence the whole northern part of the continent is supplied. The station is the most remote and most isolated one of the whole, but it is one of considerable importance.

The town itself is pleasingly situated on a small

peninsula of about three hundred acres in extent, it contains several public buildings, and a Wesleyan Chapel and Mission premises—there is also a large chapel at the Mines. Other places in the circuit are visited by the missionary at favourable intervals, the access to some of these being by water only. The name of the Ship Harbour Circuit still stands on the Minutes of Conference; but, like Murray Harbour, lately mentioned, it is unoccupied, and for the same reason.

This closes our review of the stations in this district. Some of the stations, it will be seen, are very remote from each other; and it is not improbable that, at a future day, another district may be formed, which may include some of the stations now in the New Brunswick District, on the gulf shore, and the four or five last circuits, which have been described in this short account. The following is the statistical view promised at the commencement of this chapter:—

	No. of Missionaries.	Chapels.	Other preaching places.	No. of Local Preachers.	No. of Sunday Schools.	No. of Sunday School Teachers.	No. of Sunday School Scholars.	No. of Class Leaders.	No. of Members.	No. on Trial.	Persons attending Wesleyan Ministry.
Halifax	3	5	1	4	5	52	406	29	602	72	2600
Lunenburg	1	4	5	0	0	0	0	11	275	4	900
Liverpool	1	6	5	1	2	14	126	16	492	12	1500
Barrington	1	6	6	2	3	12	120	20	335	300	1500
Yarmouth	1	2	3	0	2	32	230	7	203	0	1100
Horton	2	6	11	3	5	31	331	14	413	0	1400
Windsor and Newport	2	6	8	6	6	30	310	30	600	40	1450
Shubenacudie	1	4	8	0	6	32	220	17	312	0	1200
Amherst	2	8	10	0	1	7	41	23	410	40	1500
Wallace	1	5	12	0	6	22	213	10	274	10	1500
Guysborough	1	2	8	1	3	7	74	5	140	1	930
Charlotte Town	1	5	1	14	3	22	150	19	325	33	1870
Bedeque	1	4	8	4	4	14	146	19	361	30	900
Sydney	1	2	3	2	4	22	150	3	118	4	750
Total	19	65	89	37	50	297	2417	223	4860	546	19,100

CHAPTER THIRD.

PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
More and more it spreads and grows;
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it overthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
Wesley's Hymns.

HAVING attempted in the preceding chapter to give an outline of the circuits in the Nova Scotia District, it may not be uninteresting to make some allusion to the success which has attended the labours in which the society's missionaries are engaged, and to exhibit the practical working of those means which have been rendered effectual, under God's blessing, to the end designed.

Into any merely statistical account there is no necessity to enter, as the annual report of the society

furnishes year by year every requisite information, and to the minutiæ of ministerial engagements it is not intended to refer, because every circuit in the world will present the same features of discipline and duty; it may be only necessary on this head to say, that in this province they are affected by no civil or religious disabilities—but few deeply rooted prejudices prevent their usefulness—their ministry is attended by many of those on whom nearly the highest offices in the state have devolved, and their success and their profiting has appeared unto all men, in winning souls to Christ, as an humble instrumentality in the hands of the great master builder of the church.

The design which is more immediately contemplated, is to present a view of some parts of the moral machinery in operation, which, while it is based on the same principles, and tends to the same results, is more peculiar to transatlantic custom, and somewhat different from the general custom observed in the societies at home.* It is not that any difference is found in the ordinary and stated services of the Lord's house, but in those extra efforts which are made for the revival of God's work, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. I allude to the success attending the holding of Protracted Meetings (as they are called) during the last few years.

The object of these meetings is, to excite an ex-

* See note at the end of this chapter.

tended interest throughout an entire community, on the subject of personal and experimental religion. That there is a difference between the effects resulting from a continuous and unvaried routine of ministerial effort, and the occasional use of extraordinary means, is very evident to any observant mind; but that objections have arisen, and do still arise from the use of these means, is not attempted to be denied; nor is it to be concealed, that there are in the minds of some devout men, and devoted ministers, objections to the use of these means of a very serious kind.

It is our purpose to devote a few pages to the examination and illustration of the subject, in order that the matter may be exhibited in its proper light.

There is a danger, lest in an imprudent advocacy of, or employment of these means, the efficiency of the ordinary means should be depreciated or overlooked, and lest by leading the mind to look at these, (even subordinately to the great source of spiritual invigoration,) as the only means of raising a drooping cause, or by employing their action regularly and statedly season after season, a spasmodic action in spiritual matters should be induced, at variance with that healthful and vigorous tone, which is so desirable in every section of the moral vineyard of the Lord. We look not to, and depend not on, the occasional burst of the thunder shower to supply and keep up the navigation of our rivers, rather to the continuous

flow of the distant yet constant spring, fed with its tributary streams; yet the action of that same shower is important in itself to clear the atmosphere, and to disperse the accumulation of noxious vapours which would be detrimental to both health and life, so there is also a place, both for ordinary and extraordinary means, and our desire is to present their timely use in its proper light, as equally opposed to lethargy on the one hand, and unsanctified action on the other.

The Rev. W. M. Harvard, Chairman of the Eastern Canada District, published an excellent and useful sermon some few years ago on the importance of special efforts for the conversion of the souls of men, and the motto with which he prefaces his discourse is not inaptly selected—it is from Mr. Wesley's "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion"—and runs thus, "It should rejoice the hearts of all who desire that the kingdom of God should come, that so many have been snatched already from the mouth of the lion, by an *uncommon*, though not unlawful way." In entering upon the defence of special efforts, Mr. Harvard clearly and plainly defines the difference between ordinary and extraordinary means, with their relative importance, and shews the character of the extra efforts as combining to bring to bear "the Word of God and prayer," on the conversion of sinners, and the spread of scriptural holiness throughout the world.

His main argument in justification of these special efforts is divided between the efforts of secular men to promote any earthly object, with the deplorable state of the world, the defective state of the Church, and the precepts and precedents of God's word in connection with the Divine willingness to sanction such efforts with his blessing. An extract from the first part of the argument may suffice to shew the *animus* of the whole. He says "Suppose a railroad, or any other concern tending to the public good, and presenting a desirable and advantageous opportunity for the employment of capital. Suppose that by some means or other shareholders are not obtained in sufficient numbers to meet the unavoidable demands of the Board of Directors. Can we imagine that such individuals would be content with, and confined to the mere regular meetings prescribed by the constitution of their corporation? Would it not be highly probable that there would be special, and repeated, and even 'protracted' meetings of the board for the consideration of ways and means? Does it appear unlikely, under circumstances of general misapprehension of the nature of the speculation, that even a deputation would be employed to visit different places, to call meetings, and by means of the public journals to enlighten and prepossess the public mind in favour of the undertaking? Should we wonder, or, were we ourselves interested in its success, should we be dis-

pleased to behold the words 'railroad company' whenever we opened a newspaper, or turned the corner of a street? Would the men of the world condemn this display of commercial zeal as 'most unreasonable, fanatical, and enthusiastic,' as absolutely carrying the matter too far? Now, they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible!

"The religion of Jesus Christ furnishes the only means of ascertained communication with the regions of the blessed! It is no uncertain contrivance of short sighted man, but an unerring revelation from the Eternal God! Never, in a single instance, has it disappointed a real and sincere experiment. In its returns of advantage it is unparalleled. It is known to be 'profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come.' By the bestowment of present peace and purity, it rationally pledges a future recompence, 'a treasure in the heavens, that fadeth not.' Its tendency thus to bless, is demonstrated, at this very moment, in all the various climates of our globe, and under almost every possible diversity of human condition. Nevertheless, to use a mercantile phrase, 'it really does not take with the public mind.'

"Again, the visible Church spiritually resembles an important trading company, whose weight of debt is already immense, and whose most prosperous and successful returns, absolutely fail to prevent the con-

tinual augmentation of that debt. Its friends may well take the alarm and be most special in their efforts, since the ordinary instrumentality has proved to be so insolvently deficient. This state of things must become still more alarming, unless some extraordinary exertions are made, and upon a very extended scale! Our affairs can no longer be concealed. How can we ourselves revert to them without feeling that we bear our reproach, and hailing, with thankfulness, any agency which may aid the common treasury? In these circumstances, an ungodly world, vain in its own undisputed majority, is emboldened to treat with contempt a moral corporation, whose charter has actually received the signature of Heaven! It dares to deny that our sanctions are divine! It rejects, with scornful and malignant disdain, the offer of our most invaluable securities. Our very credit is at stake, and with the reputation of the Church, are involved the eternal destinies of the universe."

These extracts are sufficient to shew the character of the arguments employed in defence of special efforts in religion, and the author goes on still more forcibly to appeal in favour of such from the deplorable state of the world, and especially of what is often considered the enlightened part of it, whose "out-of-door services" and "protracted" meetings on the race ground and at the theatre, are notoriously "special efforts" to secure the destruction of the soul, and to

enlarge the boundaries of Satan's dominion. The importance of the extracts may justify their length, and, certainly, the experience of the last few years will corroborate the truthfulness of the argument, while personal experience of the results themselves, will fully justify the importance of the means.

It is not expected that these extra means can be successfully employed in a merely mechanical manner, at any given time. These meetings cannot, therefore, be appointed prospectively by requiring the attendance of a deputation at some particular period of the future, according to the plan usually adopted by us in arranging for our annual missionary meetings. But, in connection with stated and regular ministrations, how frequently does it occur that there are signs of approaching revivification, manifested by an increased and more regular attendance at the means of grace—seen in the anxiety of individuals here and there apparently wrought upon by the Spirit, as a spirit of conviction, to enquire after salvation. In the renewed activity and zeal of professors, all auguring that a brighter day is about to dawn? Under these circumstances all feel mutually encouraged, prayer becomes more ardent, faith more energetic, love more abounding, expectation stands on tiptoe, the trees are moved with the refreshing breeze, and the sound of a going is heard through all their branches. Such periods as these, mark the acceptable time for holding a protracted

meeting, and frequently the very announcement of the intention, is not without its effects.

I had heard of the success attending these measures for some time before I had an opportunity of witnessing the blessed effects myself, but when I was called to enjoy the privilege, the result exceeded all my anticipations, and effectually commended the wisdom of the measure to my judgment and to my heart.

In the autumn of the year 1839, I was appointed as one of a missionary deputation to the Newport Circuit, and left the metropolis for Windsor, a few days previous to the time appointed for our meetings, to secure a little relaxation after severe mental labour, when, on the road, and within ten miles of the end of my journey, I was met by a zealous and active brother in the ministry, who, aware of my intention of travelling on that day, had thus intercepted me on my route, to carry me off to assist at a protracted meeting, which they had been holding then for some days at a settlement called Kennetcook, in the Newport Circuit. I told him how much I needed rest rather than labour, but he pointed to the carriage, named the distance, only fourteen miles, and promised me scenes of interest, to labour in connection with which, would supersede the necessity of that rest I had been desirous to choose. His arguments prevailed upon me, and in a very short time we were journeying along in a different direction, myself a willing captive,

and an interested listener to the narative he unfolded connected with this meeting. On our way we were overtaken by night, but only a short time before we were at our journey's end.

About half a mile from the place we met a light waggon loaded with friends, who soon recognised us, told us a large congregation was waiting for us; and I then learned from them, for the first time, that in a few minutes I should be before a congregation as their preacher; my zealous friend having not only anticipated his design upon me, but announced also, on the preceding day, that I should preach this evening. On reaching the place, we found upwards of forty vehicles, with horses, attached to the usual zig-zag fence, near the chapel, round the door of which a dense crowd was assembled—a prelude to the throng within, where the people were so closely packed, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could give way sufficiently for me to pass through to the pulpit. Some idea of the manner in which it was filled may be formed from the fact that, until the next day, I had no idea that the chapel was divided into pews.

The interest of the meeting might be said to have reached its climax—having been held from the preceding Wednesday, (this was Monday) two or three services occupying each day; that interest, as it was felt, may be inferred from the fact, that, for one entire week, all business in the settlement was suspended,

while accessions from the surrounding country were arriving each day: and, as to the results, it was stated to me afterwards, by one who was well able to ascertain the fact, being an inhabitant of the place, that not only was every household visited with deep concern on the subject of experimental religion, but that only one or two individuals of adult age, in the whole settlement, remained unconverted.

To return to what I personally witnessed, on this occasion, while preaching on the evening on which I arrived there; a breathless silence, interrupted only by deep sobs, hung over the assembly; but when this part of the service was succeeded by exhortation and appeal from other ministers who were present, accompanied with earnest prayer, and then an invitation addressed to those who were desirous of salvation to come forward to the rails of the communion as subjects for special prayer in their behalf—a heaving was visible in the whole assembly, and presently individuals, detaching themselves from the mass, with difficulty pressed forward, until they were bowed three deep around the altar, kneeling in prayer, and weeping bitterly, though accompanied with no extravagance of expression. A deep solemnity rested upon the minds of all present: the congregation appeared unanimously interested, as well as the postulants, many of whom entered into the glorious liberty of the people of God, and praised the Lord with joyful lips.

I was, on this occasion, made fully sensible where the peculiar advantages of such meetings lie. There is a combination both of talent and of faith brought to bear on a given point, by the employment of different persons, both ministers and laymen, each succeeding the other in exhortation and prayer. Each meeting is commenced, generally, with a short sermon; some remark forms a subject for enlargement by a following speaker; new ideas are thrown out; new light is poured upon the subject; appeals are forced home, and desires are awakened; above all, the Spirit of God, working above all, through all, and in all, gives efficiency to the means; and, like the comparison between inefficient and widely-extended skirmishing on the battle field, contrasted with the concentrated efforts of united battallions making a determined charge,—so, by these united and protracted efforts, effects are produced which are seen after many days. The objections, also, which may arise in the mind, to the apparently mechanical arrangement of bringing those who are seeking mercy to a given place to obtain the same, recede before the investigations of reason and experience. What is the main hinderance often experienced in bringing the mind to "give up all for Christ?" It is the resistance of the will, and the disposition to indecision and to procrastination. Here the point is gained—a step is taken, a decision made; the principle is that of order.

not of confusion. Persons under the same class of feelings are brought together to one point, where action is concentrated, and experience, in a thousand instances, has proved its tried advantages.

On the following morning there was preaching in the same place, followed by similar means and similar results. There was an interval of time allowed in the middle of the day for rest and refreshment, a meeting for the relation of Christian experience in the afternoon, and preaching again in the evening. This was the most extraordinary time for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit that I ever witnessed. The cries of wounded hearts could, with difficulty, be repressed, during the first part of the service—a riveted attention prevented them during the delivery of the sermon, with the exception of an occasional burst of feeling; but, during the after portion of the meeting, the effects produced baffle all description.

"Come! Holy Ghost, and fill the place."

is often sung by us in our congregations and meetings for prayer; but I have seldom seen it so fully manifested. The appointed place was filled with weeping penitents, prayer and exhortation were constantly kept up, while, at the same time, some in an under tone were offering advice and direction to the penitents. When we knelt for prayer, a most powerful influence prevailed. At one time ten or twelve persons arose at once, as though one gust of the Holy Spirit's

quickening power had simultaneously burst their bonds, their places being quickly filled with others as they retired. Some most affecting scenes were witnessed—here might be seen joyful and happy youths leading up their aged parents—there husband and wife overwhelmed with joy, finding that they had, unknown to each other, sought and found the pearl of great price at the same time. I noticed, especially, two young men, captains of vessels, lately returned from sea; they rose from their kneeling posture at the same moment, both happy in the Lord, each one ignorant that the other was there. Companions together in youth, and associates in youthful folly, when their eyes met, and each saw the other happy, they rushed into each other's arms with exclamations of joy, and wept aloud, together resolving henceforth to steer by the same chart, and seek the haven of eternal rest above.

Let it not be imagined that these scenes have never been witnessed, or similar effects produced, except at protracted meetings. We claim not a distinction in results; it is not that the effects are different; but, in the means employed, there is a wider field of action occupied, more immediate energy employed, and attended with more extensive success.

This meeting continued throughout the week, but, on the following day, I was under the necessity of leaving, to fulfil those duties, for which I had left my

circuit for a time; thankful, however, for the opportunity thus afforded for witnessing the first protracted meeting, which had come under my own personal observation.

Since the period here referred to, many engagements of a similar kind have added delightful experience of the value of these meetings. I have also seen and mourned over "fields white unto harvest," where, through a scarcity of labourers, such meetings could not be held, and where opportunities of good—if not altogether lost—have been delayed for a considerable time. The autumn and winter of 1842 were very remarkable seasons on the south-west coast of Nova Scotia. It appeared that there was not one station occupied on the shores between Halifax and Yarmouth, but what was visited with showers of divine influence in an unusual degree. When it is stated, that, at the ensuing District Meeting, there were twelve hundred additional members announced as the year's increase, including of course, those on probation, it will be admited that some heavenly unction rested both on the labourers and on the work. Most of these were gathered into the fold as the immediate fruit of protracted meetings; in some places these lasted nearly a fortnight, and many remarkable instances of conversion might be narrated in connection therewith.

As a proof of the general extent of the influence

which prevailed sometimes through an entire settlement, I may state that in the Yarmouth circuit, where the roads are thickly settled for as much as eight miles in extent on the eastern shores of the harbour, there was scarcely a house unvisited; every denomination appeared to be favoured alike—all fell in with the spirit of revival, and acted in concert for the general good: prayer meetings were held in almost every house, and such was the general scope of the convincing influence of the Spirit of God, that on returning home from the country late at night, I have heard persons wrestling in prayer with God alone in the woods and fields, and on one occasion I was stopped on the road with sounds of grief—found persons seeking religion on the way side, and was compelled in pity for their distress, late as it was, and wearied as I felt, to go with them to the nearest house and hold a prayer meeting in their behalf.

Many remarkable instances of the blessed results of protracted meetings are familiar to my own mind, but I do not intend to trespass upon the patience of my readers with more than one instance, and this shews perhaps as clearly as any, that good has resulted from these special efforts, which ordinary means might have failed to accomplish. It was determined that some preachers and lay friends should meet at a certain place to hold a series of meetings of the kind referred to, and when they arrived there, it occurred that one

of the preachers and a zealous lay friend preferred going to a house of entertainment to secure lodgings for themselves and their horses, rather than be too great a burden upon the friends, as well as to be near each other, the houses in the settlement being somewhat scattered.

Their visit appeared a source of wonder to the landlord of the house, who, after some time, fell into conversation with them, and soon learned more about protracted meetings than he had ever known before. He was very curious to know all about the matter, and was minutely informed of the manner of conducting them, and told of the effects which had been witnessed in the neighbouring settlement. To him it was strange news—"he never went to meeting at all"—it was hinted that it was not impossible but that if he went he might be brought under concern for his soul, but he had heard with such astonishment that those who were thus convinced, generally went up to be prayed for, that he was sure such a case would never be his—he ridiculed the very idea. Notwithstanding this he went to hear the preparatory sermon that evening. When the friends returned, they asked to be permitted to have family worship, and it was with some reluctance conceded. The family, under whose roof they were providentially found, was prayed for, and they retired to rest. The next day's services were of the ordinary kind, preaching and prayer;

very little influence appeared to rest upon the people, their hearts seemed indisposed to yield, but the attendance was upon the increase. On the following day, matters appeared more favourable, there was deep attention, and some were observed to weep. After preaching in the evening, it was announced that if any felt a desire to seek the salvation of their souls, and a knowledge of God's pardoning mercy, they were earnestly recommended to come forward as subjects for especial prayer; when, the first person who broke through, was our friend the landlord, weeping bitterly, and who found peace through believing, as well as afterwards several of his family, who can bless the Lord with joyful lips to this day, that he put it into the hearts of his servants to make especial efforts in that place.

Still it may be asked by some, whether the good which is apparently attendant upon these special efforts, is likely to be as permanent as that which takes place after the usual manner, and in connection with the ordinary means of grace. I know not why it should not be so, for certainly every argument brought against such instances of sudden conversion, on the ground of suddenness merely, may also be brought to bear against the extraordinary influence produced under Peter's sermon, when three thousand were pricked in their hearts,—suddenly converted by divine grace, and united to the church in one day: indeed,

that also was in every sense of the word, a protracted meeting—for it is said that "they continued with one accord *daily* in the temple, and the Lord added to the church *daily* such as should be saved." In fact, all the cases recorded in the New Testament, as illustrative of the changing effects of the Gospel on the human heart, are sudden conversions. There is, it is true, a diversity of working, and there are differences of administration and of gifts, but the same spirit, the same divine source, the same glorious results; and our object ought to be, to co-operate in these opportunities with the great Head of the Church, who calls us to be co-workers with him, being studiously careful in the after duty of training the youthful convert with that constant examination and affectionate counsel, which is so well secured to such in the class meetings connected with the arrangements of the Wesleyan body.

NOTE.

Since the preceding pages were written, some letters published in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for July, 1843, have fallen under the notice of the writer, from which it appears that meetings of a similar serial character have been held in the Leeds, Dewsbury, and Diss Circuits, with results which prove the advantages of special and protracted efforts beyond controversy. The writer is satisfied that perhaps ere these pages are read in England, (and he will be rejoiced should it be the case) the passages in the preceding chapter which speaks of these means as peculiarly transatlantic, will be both obsolete and anomalous.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

PASTORAL ENGAGEMENTS.

All thy cures are mysteries;
And prove thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease,
Which now our spirits feel.
Good physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat thy sovereign word;
Chase the evils of the mind,
And speak our souls restored.
Wesley's Hymns.

THE regular engagements of those connected with the Wesleyan Ministry are strictly pastoral, including the dispensation of the ordinances and of the word of life—"feeding the flock" with the sacred word of truth: the administration of discipline "guarding" the fold from dangers within and without; and affectionate intercourse by visitation—"preaching from house to house," that they may be known by the members of the church as anxious for their well-doing, and solicitous to minister to their every want.

With this view of the pastorate, including in its last named section especially, the visitation of the sick, it will be readily understood that the office must furnish their observation with numerous incidents of deep and profitable interest, indeed, the very circumstance of the alternation of appointment from one station to another, favours them with a greater number of subjects for narrative than the regular occupancy of one station might present. Yet how many of these are known only to the individuals immediately concerned! There is no access to the journals of Christian Ministers and Missionaries, except through the medium of published memoirs, and reports from the foreign field, communicated partially and at long intervals; nor is it intended to assume that this in itself is a real evil, but it is an unquestionable fact, that there are vast numbers of incidents which would both profit and interest the reader, as well as records of grace, both in conversions and extended experience, developed or exemplified in living subjects, which the very fact of the individuals being still amongst the living, surrounds with a delicacy of feeling, which demands their being at present shrouded from more public view.

To unfold an extensive narrative of varied experiences is, partly for the reason assigned, not my present object; but there are some peculiar cases to which I am desirous of drawing the attention of the serious reader, as having fallen under my own obser-

vation; and in which, while I withhold the names of the individuals, I may present a glance at such features as may possess interest in those minds which are concerned in the peculiar operations of grace, manifested in its "diversity of workings" under "one spirit."

The following case presents such mingled peculiarities of the hidden and secret idiosyncrasy of the diseased but healed mind, that, at the risk of critical censure, some of its phases will be exhibited. It shews to us the force of mental disorder yielding to the careful treatment of science, and resulting, under pastoral vigilance, in the most desirable manner, to the glory of divine grace.

On returning to a regular scene of labour, after a temporary absence, a summons was received to the family of a member of the congregation, with the intimation that serious and painful affliction had fallen on one of its younger members. When I responded to the call, I found that a young female, upwards of twenty years of age, was afflicted with "hysteria," presenting in its diagnosis peculiar symptoms. The attack was, in the first instance, instantaneous; there was an utter prostration both of body and mind—with the latter, a loss of recollection, and a morbid activity of the seat of thought, which appeared, at first, to preclude the possibility of any ministerial attentions being of any avail. The case, however, was so peculiar, that it was carefully watched in its progress,

and the passing circumstances occasionally noted down.

In a few days after the first attack, recollection partially returned, and some lucid intervals occurred from time to time, mingled, however, with the utmost confusion of ideas struggling to arrange themselves. Two remarkable peculiarities were very soon matters of observation; first, an inordinate passion for flowers; and then an excessive partiality for poetry,—the latter was the more remarkable, because any predilection of this kind had never been noticed before. It was not merely a desire to hear it read or rehearsed; but an earnest and continued attempt at composition; and when gradually the power of commanding the use of a pencil returned, to commit the same to paper. The most ordinary passing circumstances were thus made subjects for versification: the presentation of a bouquet of flowers would give rise to a great variety of expressions; at the same time, though no serious impressions had been manifested prior to her sickness, her chief desire now was for sacred poetry, and, when the opportunity presented itself, for conversation of a similar kind, and prayer.

After several weeks the disorder appeared to vary somewhat in character; the lucid intervals were marked with greater distinctness; yet, on the contrary, the aberrations of intellect, at other times, were more serious, and the physical frame was visited with

the most fearful developments of the disorder: so much was this the case, that it had the appearance of two separate states of existence—the paroxysms of the latter were connected and distinct—the thoughts and feelings of the former equally so. It would be impossible to describe the horrors of these attacks; which yielded not to the most careful medical treatment, and baffled the utmost skill. For weeks and months almost every day witnessed a repetition of the attacks, each one continuing for some hours.

The usual peculiarities marked the commencement and progress of these attacks; a fixedness of the eye, with the vacant stare of idiotcy, a convulsive twitching of the muscles of the face and neck; then the visible rising of the *globus hystericus* in the throat, succeeded by a choking sound, continued until the lungs were exhausted by expiration, and followed by syncope and catalepsy. Entire prostration of strength marked this period of the attack, sometimes continuing for fifty or sixty seconds, without the least action of the lungs or appearance of life. After such an interval, the breath would be recovered with a gasp and piercing scream, followed by successive screaming and laughing, with fearful struggling, requiring, at times, the united efforts of several persons to keep the patient in bed; to be succeeded by violent weeping, and all the symptoms just named recurring for hours together.

In what way an affection of the mind can thus exercise so powerful an influence upon the physical frame, is one of those mysteries which science still numbers amongst its unexplored depths; and it must be equally surprising, that such violent convulsions could be sustained for so many months, without reducing the system to a greater extent than it did. The loss of sleep for a fortnight at a time appeared to threaten the system more than anything else, yet to this extent it was frequently endured.

It has been stated, that the intervals when reason resumed its sway, were so separate and distinct as to mark almost another state of existence; yet there appeared to be a natural difficulty in accounting to herself for all the sensations experienced after one of these violent attacks. After witnessing one of the most violent paroxysms for some hours one evening, I found her, on the succeeding morning, rational and calm. On asking how she felt, she replied that a fearful dream had disturbed her, and she felt the effects still in her wrists and arms. On inquiring further, she stated, that she had dreamed of being shut up in a lone house, near to a frozen river and lake, where, after a violent storm, she saw the ice breaking up, and the torrent rising and rushing all around, till it appeared to threaten her safety. At length the flood reached the house, blocks of ice dashed against it, and the waters rose until they reached the windows, when she was

compelled to hold the sashes by main force, and to scream for help. She maintained that the strained sensation in her arms, and the soreness of her throat, arose from this exertion, while all around her but herself knew too well the cause.

These intervals were attempted to be improved by religious conversation and prayer, in which she always joined; and she was now capable, at these times, of comprehending fully the conversation addressed to her. She appeared gradually to understand the nature of divine truth; and the remarks made to her, from time to time, were generally afterwards embodied in the hymns which she composed and wrote at every opportunity.

After several months of suffering, all the varied remedies which suggested themselves to her medical attendant had been employed without success; no antispasmodic appeared to reach her case, and skill could do no more. It was a painful case, and yet there was an interest connected with watching the whole, which may easily be imagined. One day I thought of suggesting music as a palliative—knowing her partiality for sweet sounds; and, in one of her convulsive attacks, at the moment when a violent paroxysm had intermitted, I commenced singing a verse from one of our hymns. It had a most remarkable effect—consciousness returned in a moment—her countenance showed that she was rational—and she

turned and said, in a low tone, "I heard the angels singing—they are round my bed;" but again, in a moment, the light of delirium flashed from her eyes; she seized the curtains of the bed, as she said, to ascend to heaven, attempted in a moment to climb, then fell back with all the helplessness of infancy, relapsing, at the same time, into violent convulsions.

Although these peculiarities marked the whole progress of the disease, there were still considerable changes in the attacks, from time to time. On visiting her one day, I inquired after her before I saw her, and was told that her manner was entirely changed; all violence was gone, although there was the absence of direct consciousness. She took no notice of any one, yet they thought she knew all that was said. This was a peculiarity I was unprepared for, and I carefully watched the alteration. When I presented myself, she took no notice of my being there; but when I spoke to her, I thought she understood me. A deep and settled melancholy was in her countenance; she sat up in bed, rocking herself backwards and forwards—her hair dishevelled, her hands wringing with anguish; sometimes she was sobbing and weeping violently, and again she would become more calm. I attempted to arouse her, but it was in vain; and I prepared to leave, fearful that the disease was settling down into confirmed idiotcy; but, as I was leaving the room, I heard a faint sound as of singing, and to

my great surprise, it appeared to proceed from the patient herself. I shall never forget the tone of her voice—it was very soft but unearthly, or like a very distant plaintive song. I also distinguished the words, which I had never seen anywhere; but they made a lasting impression on my memory. To one of our most plaintive hymn tunes, she sang—

"O shine on me thou Holy Sun,
With healing in thy wings arise;
Bid the dark night of grief begone,
And wipe the tear-drops from my eyes."

The peculiar application of the words to her case appeared so mysterious, in connection with her too apparent aberration of intellect at the time, that I was utterly perplexed; nor was I at all relieved, when, on finding her conscious on my next visit, I told her I had listened to her singing, and repeated the words. She not only stared at me with perfect incredulity, but assured me, that she knew not the words; and, as to the singing, she never could be persuaded to sing before their own family (a remark they readily confirmed); and, therefore, she assured me I must have been mistaken.

In subsequent visits I felt convinced that she knew that at times she was subject to attacks of insanity, and this became more apparent in the remarks which she pencilled down, both in prose and verse; for, when she could use it, her pencil was her constant com-

panion—using it even furtively when forbidden through fear of exciting the brain, and bringing on the attacks. I shall not wish to extend this narrative by introducing extracts to any great extent from the numerous pieces which I saw; but I am anxious to introduce just sufficient to show how her mind was exercised under this affliction. One day I took up a slate in the room, and found a prose fragment, which will show that her mind had received some light—"'twas light from heaven" too—and I will introduce with this a few lines to show that she knew that she was the subject of some painful visitation of Divine Providence, the extent of which she could not comprehend. The piece from which the lines are extracted is, in its entire form, an address to a particular flower, and, throughout it, there is a childishness of feeling not belonging to any other of her pieces—this is seen in the arrangement, which takes the form of a dialogue between herself and the flower. She says—

"'I cherish thee with tender care,
For well I know thy worth;
But ah! forgive the burning tear,
That now is bursting forth.

For *darken'd o'er is memory's page,*
By *some mysterious spell;*
And thou dost bring back bygone days,
Which ——————"

Whenever allusion is made to her malady, the line is always left unfinished—it is so in the prose sketch

above alluded to—it was headed with, and appeared as reflections on a verse from one of our hymns, commencing

"The pain of life shall then be o'er." &c.

and contained these words "Blessed thought! in heaven we cannot sin, and from those happy regions pain and sorrow are for ever excluded. No doubt or temptation is known there, all will be sweet peace and love, and we shall be as pure as the holy angels are. And shall one who is so weak and frail as the imperfect * * * be transformed into a happy sinless spirit of light? Ecstatic thought, it is more than—."

These will suffice to mark a peculiarity, and to shew, that amidst much suffering, the bent of her mind was on divine things—yet there were times when excessive nervous sensibility rendered her almost impatient. Months of extreme suffering had reduced her in this respect so much, that from nervous irritation, the slightest sound, even the rustling of a silk gown was sufficient to cause her almost to spring from the bed, although independently of this, she could not change her position unaided, while I have seen her thrown into such a state by the accidental fall of the fire irons in the grate, that she was with difficulty held in bed, and the shutting of a distant door, appeared sufficient to cause dissolution. At this time also she indulged much in silence, appeared very fretful, and would weep over her condition; but conversation on

spiritual things would cause these feelings to subside, and prayer appeared to soothe her mind, and prepare her for coming trials.

The convulsive attacks still continued, and sometimes, with extraordinary severity. The contrast between her appearance under the attack, and her brighter moments, was most remarkable. I have seen her on one day removed to the couch dressed in white, and on a small stand near her perhaps a dozen glasses full of flowers—a never ending source of conversation and amusement—while perhaps on the following day I have found her in bed violent in the extreme, her whole appearance distorted, trying to bite and scratch, with an incessant craving to sit up in bed, and, if allowed, in the most pathetic terms entreating to be allowed, once more, only once more, to go into her dear little garden, though if her life had depended upon it she could not have set a foot upon the ground, her feet being now turned in, always cold, and as helpless as those of a new-born infant.

Then she would rave about the lovely moon, bright stars, silver clouds, and beautiful flowers, most piteously entreating to be permitted to go; and when denied, falling back into all the symptoms previously described, complaining of creatures crawling over her, her head burning like coals, and her whole countenance distorted with pain.

When she recovered from these attacks, she would

make a reference to them, which she had not done before, speaking of them as "long walks," and would state that the last one had so fatigued her, that another like it would kill her.

I suppose it was on witnessing the removal of faded flowers to be replaced with fresh ones, that she wrote the following simple, yet touching lines.

"Throw not away those flowers
I pray thee, mother dear;
For they have cheer'd the hours,
While I have lingered here.
You do not know, my mother,
The secret joys I find;
The sad thoughts these do smother,
And scatter to the wind.
They speak of joys departed,
Of pleasures that are fled,
Of hopes too fondly guarded,
Of tears too vainly shed.
Then let them stay, my mother,
Though withered, yet they please;
I would not take another
Bright bunch of flowers for these."

Another apostrophe to her favourite flowers may perhaps be excused; they were the sole earthly object which appeared to engage her attention.

"Flowers of Autumn—drooping, crushed, and pale—
I love to watch you in the silent eve,
When none are nigh to hear the mournful tale,
The low sad song, so mournfully ye weave,
Save the cold stars, and moon's mild pensive beam,
With the deep murmuring of yon crystal stream.
Flowers of Autumn—blighted, withered, dead—

I may with thoughts of sadness look on you,
And learn how quickly ruthless Time hath shed
Your blossoms, and how vain all we pursue;
'Tis then your bowed heads meekly say to me,
'As low as we are laid, so thou must be.'"

Although we do not forget that our intention is rather to give a description of the patient herself, than of her amusements in the few moments of relief from suffering, yet we shall venture on two extracts more, and on these only.

Let the reader imagine a fine autumnal evening in a crowded city, when the troops, preceded by the band, are returning from the parade ground on the common through the streets, and the application of the following attempt in blank verse will be better understood.

"O mother! bear me to the window,
And I will gaze once more with untold joy
Upon the vaulted roof of yon bright heaven,
And breathe the balmy air of this sweet eve,
Perfumed with fragrance from the dewy flowers.
Music is floating on the breeze,
And with its magic spell my spirit bounds,
Till I am borne beyond these dark blue heavens,
And my freed soul her praises mingles with
The blest and happy spirits that surround
The throne of God. There, in that bright abode
Is peace for evermore—sin enters not,
Nor sorrow with her anguish thorns approaches,
But heart-felt love, and joy, each breast inspires.
All, all invites me, even the pale moon
Looks down upon me kindly, and around
My bed her silvery radiance she throws,

And with her mild and gentle influence draws
My wandering spirit up to heavenly scenes.
Beautiful is this fair world to me,
Above, around, where'er I turn my eyes,
The marked impress of Deity I see."

I cannot discover any train of thought which gave rise to the following singular lines.

"Who art thou? bird of the plume so dark,
That so often art flitting across my walk;
Thy ruthless flight seems postponed, till eve
Her mantle o'er earth's bright scenes doth weave.
Why comest thou not from thy eyrie on high
When all is most lovely—the land and the sky?
The darkness of night seems to suit thee best,
And to draw thee away from thy moss covered nest.
What errand can lead thee away from thy home,
And tempt thee so lonely at even to roam?
Art thou seeking some loved ones that from thee have strayed,
Or mournest thou some in the dark grave laid?
Is it sorrow induces thee—bird of the gloom—
To solace thy woes with a sight of the tomb?"

With these lines we shall close this part of the singular history of the individual whose painful situation excited both commiseration and interest; many other circumstances are retained, which would have added to the general interest, but those alone will be referred to which have reference to the character of her religious experience. For more than twelve months the complaint had now rested upon her, demanding the unwearied assiduity of nurses and friends; the attentions of her medical attendant had been dispensed with, but the services of her pastor had been

anxiously retained, until he was necessarily called away to exchange this interesting station for another scene of labour.

As the summer advanced in all its loveliness, it was deemed advisable to procure a change of air, and a temporary residence was obtained at a suitable distance from the noise and bustle of the city. Some of her reflections on her removal can be presented in her own language, and if, in these, any expression appears infantile and childlike, the contrast from more than a twelve-months confinement in a darkened room, to the lovely scenes of nature, and to one accustomed to revel in such scenes with delight, will, it is hoped, be sufficient apology, especially when the almost infantile weakness of her frame is borne in mind. It will be seen that the change of air was so far beneficial as to restore to her the partial use of her limbs, of which she had, till then, been entirely deprived.

"I was thinking, this morning, of the first morning I was taken out into the fresh air, after I left home: it was a lovely afternoon in the month of August; my mother had returned to the city, leaving me in the care of an old and trusty friend, who had been sent out to me for the express purpose of taking care of me. This afternoon this kind lady tied me carefully in the wheel chair, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting me safely down a flight of steps, which led me into the public road; she then drew me

about a hundred yards to a very pretty white cottage, in front of which was a beautiful garden, full of lovely flowers. A carriage stood at the gate, in which were two ladies and a little boy and girl—by its side were two gentlemen, one of them in the act of stepping in—but on seeing us he hesitated, said something to the ladies, and then came and asked my aged friend if I was better. By this time they had all joined us, and the ladies very kindly shook hands with me, said they were glad to see me out, and then invited me to go into the garden, and gather as many flowers as I pleased. But my nurse thought this would be too much for me, and excused me on this account, when these kind people went in themselves, and gathered for me some of the brightest and most beautiful flowers I ever saw; which they presented to me, saying, that I must not forget to come again very soon. They then drew my chair close to the palisades which enclosed the garden, bade me a kind farewell, entered their carriage, and drove off. That hour will never be effaced from my memory, it is fraught with some of the most pure and pleasurable emotions of my life. Here was a young creature who had been confined in a darkened room for many long wearisome months, shut out from the blessed light of day, the breath of heaven scarcely allowed to touch her cheek, and she, naturally of a cheerful, active disposition, and of a reflective turn of mind, who was wont to rise

in former days before the first rays of the sun had tinged the opening flowers with a golden hue, ere the grateful birds had awoke to sing, roaming through the garden, training the creeping plant, tying up the bowed flowers, pulling up every weed, and thinking the while how like such were to sin in its effects upon the human heart. Such thoughts and such employments were mine in those happy days. I dwelt on these things, and I delighted so to do; for as I saw the weeds choking the tender plant, I thought how, in like manner, sin springs up in the heart to choke the word of truth—how it lures us from the path of life, and tempts us with the giddy round of folly and pleasure, till, deceived by the false syren song, we fall like the fragile flower before the blast, wounded and spirit-broken. Then as the careful florist lifts the crushed flowers and uproots the baneful weeds, so, I thought, the good Samaritan raises the wounded one, binds up his wounds, and leads him back to the path of safety; while the sweet influences of the wonder-working spirit of God, heals the broken heart, draws out the poisonous roots of sin, and makes the soul that was like a barren waste, to rejoice and flourish as the garden of the Lord.

"Such were my daily thoughts; and it may be easily imagined how one, thus early led to think and act, would feel to be shut out from these employments, confined for a long time on a couch of sickness, and

then at once brought out again into the unclouded brightness of a fine summer day, every thing glowing with freshness and beauty around,—aye, every thing; earth, sky, trees, and flowers, strangers and friends,—all united to hail her welcome to the clear light of day once more. Now you may perhaps imagine what my feelings were; it cannot be told what I felt at that time; but it appeared as though I had been translated to a fair paradise, to some blissful heaven. I have never felt so since—perhaps I never may again—still I love to think upon it. I close my eyes at times, and am again seated in front of that white cottage—the garden is there—the carriage and the friends unknown. I can recal every image of the scene itself, but those feelings, I fear, have passed away for ever.

I hear them say, that it was a gloomy day to-day; but it is all one to me, for I am a captive still; but I shall not repine, for indeed I have the most lovely rose to look upon that I ever saw; it was sent to me by a friend from a great distance, and I have it now in a glass upon my bed while I write. O! how I love the sweet flowers—not only because they are beautiful, but because they are among the gifts of God; they are the sweet tokens of his loving kindness and tender mercy, sent to cheer me with their silent language, and to revive me with their rich perfume."

This was the first letter that I received from her

after leaving the station; it was followed, after some time, by a collection of papers, written in pencil, apparently reflections committed to paper as opportunity occurred. Some appear to be commenced in fretfulness; but there is a better feeling, like an under current, running through the whole:—

"Sabbath-day, 5th September.

"Although it is the Sabbath-day, I do not feel as I could wish; and, indeed, it is no wonder that I do not. I have not been able to leave my closely-curtained prison this day,—and yet it is wrong to call my comfortable bed a prison; but it is trying to my patience to be confined so long, and I will therefore endeavour to think of some thing else.

"I have had many bright young faces to see me this afternoon, and they all seemed so happy and joyous—so full of life and spirit, that I have lost, in looking at them, the irritable and impatient feelings of this morning. Others of a very different nature now fill my mind, and threw their softening influence upon my heart. Thoughts of the time when I, like them, was full of life and hope, will sometimes intrude upon me, and contrast themselves with my present situation. I, too, once could rise early, and bound from room to room; but I am a prisoner now. Yes! a prisoner of hope, I do feel thankful and resigned, for I am in the Lord's hand, and his mercies are abundant towards me—much more than I deserve. Still

the anxious wish will come; if I could but walk I should be satisfied. Yet I am not hopeless, even in this matter. I glance up to the spot where that beautiful star shone upon me, and I feel my hopes as bright and strong as ever. I know I shall yet leave this room and walk as I was wont to do. Yes! the time of my release is at hand. All that my Lord and Saviour required of me has been done—all that he would have me to give up has been resigned. I have given to him my undivided heart; and I have only now to wait patiently, and all will be accomplished; yea all, I trust, will ultimately redound to the praise and glory of my heavenly Father, and to the future happiness of the poor helpless being who traces these lines."

"Wednesday, 8th.

"A fine clear morning; the bright sun is shining into my room, notwithstanding all their endeavours to prevent it. I love to look up to the bright sun; it reminds me of the Sun of Righteousness, and wakens in my heart fresh desires to do God's holy will. It is his will that I should suffer, and yet be patient and contented under my sufferings: this, I am sure, I long and desire to be. When I awoke this morning, I felt so refreshed and happy, that my heart overflowed with gratitude to God, and I resolved, for the future, to banish every murmuring thought; nay, though at this moment many such are at hand,

they shall not enter; I will not admit these unruly intruders; but though I may have yet to remain in this closely curtained bed for I know not how long, still I am determined not to repine."

"Wednesday, 15th.

"I feel much better to-day than I did yesterday. Last night I begged of my nurse that she would assist me to try and support myself upon my knees in the bed, and, to her great astonishment I was able; with my arms round her neck I breathed a silent prayer to God, for his preserving grace, for a thankful heart, and for renewing strength. Oh! how long it is since I before knelt to pray. I laid my head upon the pillow, with a firm belief that I yet should be able in course of time, to walk again; and I felt, O so happy. And why should I not expect this? have I not been spared fifteen months, and may I not indulge the expectation? I have a promise that to-morrow I shall leave my room, and I intend to ask the nurse to let me try to stand. Indeed, I find I must be positive: I am not insane, as some persons suppose. At the same time, when I consider every thing, if it were the will of God, however much I may have appeared to hanker after returning health, and the free use of my limbs, I would now rather go to the home prepared for me by my heavenly Father above, than sojourn longer in this vale of tears. I long to go to that bright world, prepared for those who love

God, where angel throngs cast their crowns of gold before the great white throne, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the everlasting God, to be adored alone.'

* * * * *

"A week has passed since I last used my pencil, and in that time my strength has been restored in an astonishing manner. I can scarcely indeed myself credit what I am about to write.

"Tired and weary of lying in bed, this afternoon, I begged the nurse to allow me to try to get up a little while; and, when I had persuaded her to this, I asked her to let me make an effort to stand. I had been permitted to make the trial before several times, but I had always fainted the moment my feet touched the ground; but this time,—O I can hardly conceive it possible, and yet it is true,—I was able to stand one minute quite alone; she will not allow me to say one word about it to any one, for fear I should have an ill turn; and I write this as the last I am to write for a long time. I have promised not to read, write, or do any thing which may tend to affect my head; and I believe it is right, but I feel that I want now to close my eyes, and breathe in silence a thousand thanks, grateful thanks—thanks that can never be too often repeated—to that great and gracious Being, who is in himself, and to his creatures, power and wisdom, and strength and blessing."

The above extracts appear to have been written subsequent to the following letters, which, in themselves, will form a better close to this already lengthy narrative. :—

" I am happy to hear, my dear Sir, that, on your arrival at your new station, you were met with a hearty greeting by those, among whom you were to be placed in a high and holy standing. May they have reason to bless your appointment among them, as the one who now pens these lines has ever cause for thankfulness to that kind providence, which directed your steps to her sick bed ; for she feels convinced, in her own mind, that, had it not been for your timely interference, she would now have been, either a cold and unconscious inmate of the dark and silent tomb, or, what would have been far worse, a wretched maniac. It is a fearful thought, but I know such would have been the case, so low and depressed was the state to which I was brought, and from which (strange and incomprehensible it is to me) a few words from you, with God's blessing, appeared to raise me. I feel indeed, dear Sir, that I owe, in a great measure, my present happiness to you ; and be my lot in life whatever it may, I shall never forget to look upon you as an instrument in the Lord's hand, for the preservation of my life, and the gift of a still sweeter peace than that which I enjoyed even in childhood, ere my joyous spirit was darkened by the false hopes and allure-

ments of a sinful world. But I will not allow dark thoughts to cast a gloom over my mind, at least in that distressing way in which they have done; I will think more upon the goodness of God, as you have often desired me to do. I will dwell upon my Saviour's love. Oh! what are the smiles or the frowns of the world, in comparison with these things; they sink into nothingness before the former, and we lose the value of these if we are influenced by the latter.

"My Saviour loves me—I am sure he does—and looks kindly upon me, although he is leading me through a dark and painful path; yet, still leaning upon him, I can cheerfully pursue my way. With such a guide and support I ought not to murmur and complain, though I blush to own, that I do sometimes think of its mysterious trials; yet it is but for a moment. The look which the Lord gave Peter seems to meet my tearful gaze; and I commit myself passively to his guidance again, feeling assured, that at last I shall see all these dark mysteries, which now, at times, stagger my faith, in the clearest light, all made plain, and all manifestly having wrought together for my good. In him then, will I confide, trust all unhesitatingly in his hands, and, should he still think it necessary, then let the clouds still gather into thick darkness, let the way become more painful and more rough, I will still not complain, because 'it was thou, oh Lord, that didst it.'

"I will now change the subject, though to a much less important theme. I flatter myself that it will give you pleasure to hear that I am really getting better. I am now residing in a pleasantly situated cottage, about a mile-and-a-half from Halifax, from which I have a lovely view of Bedford Basin, Stephen's Island, Tufts Cove, the Indian camps, and a part of the pretty little town of Dartmouth, on the other side of the harbour. I can also see the steamer as it plies across continually, and the numerous pleasure boats with their white sails gleaming in the sunshine, as they either sail gently up the narrows, or sit gracefully upon the water when it is calm. In short there are so many beautiful objects for me to look at, so many which appear quite new to me, that I should only weary you with my descriptions, if I were to continue in this strain. But I may tell you of the disappointment which I experienced when I was removed to this place. For more than a week I was looking forward to the pleasure I should derive from again seeing the houses, the people, the open streets, the blue sky, and to feel the fresh breeze, all so new to me. But, alas for human hopes and anticipations! I was no sooner taken up in the arms of my brother to be carried to the carriage, than my head became dizzy, and my strength and my senses entirely left me. A cloak was thrown over me, and I was held in the arms of those who accompanied me,

just like an infant, so that, instead of gazing with delighted eyes on those scenes I so much desired to look upon, I was carried in a state of insensibility to this place. Do you not think this was a trial to my patience? But it is over now, and though, when I was so very ill, I missed those words of consolation, which I had been accustomed to expect, and which have drawn me from a state of apathy when other means have been tried in vain; yet, in these dark hours, I felt that God did care for me, and that he was near me breathing sweet peace and comfort into my soul. Oh that I may ever adore him for his mercy and his love."

I had thought of giving other extracts from similar compositions, but I shall content myself with presenting another letter only, which bears the date of September 12.

"It is a clear, calm, sweet Sabbath morning. From the place where I am now sitting, at the door of the cottage, I have certainly, a most delightful prospect. The tall pointed fir trees are waving gently in the breeze, the deep blue water is unruffled by a single wave, while these, with the clear azure sky above, and the sounds of the feathered choir warbling around me, are all united in this pleasing scene. But I have not words to describe myself the beauties which meet my eye. I can better record the emotions which are rising in my heart.

"And was this beautiful world cursed for man's sake? And is this beautiful scene under that curse—the curse of him that formed it, the Great, the Almighty God? And is it possible that nature can wear that bright smile, that calm aspect, under circumstances like these? Methinks it might be dressed in sackcloth, bathed in tears. Bowed should be the heads of stately trees, the breeze which so sweetly fans my cheek might utter a moaning sound, and veiled might be the face of yonder sun. But no! away with these thoughts of darkness and of gloom; the earth was cursed for man's sake, but God did not leave, did not forsake that world which he had made for his praise, hallowed with his blessing, made sacred with his presence. O no! a star was to arise, a branch to shoot forth, a strong hand to be stretched out, a prince, wonderful in counsel, excellent in working, sent; a lamb without blemish slain, an offering made to atone for the sins of lost and ruined man, and to roll back the curse from the world in which man lives. Then still shine lovely, oh thou glorious sun, float silently along ye fleecy clouds, let me still imagine that ye bear on your bosoms forms of celestial mould, dispensers of our heavenly Father's blessings; and ye trees, wave your green branches, and rejoice in your beauty; flow on thou sea, as peacefully as now; ye happy birds, warble your sweetest notes; and be thou still arrayed in all thy brightest robes, O earth, for the morning

star hath risen, the Prince of Glory has appeared, the spotless Lamb has been slain, the atonement accepted, reconciliation effected, the curse removed, and (O! delightful thought) much of the lost peace and loveliness of Paradise been restored to thee.

"Then rejoice, O earth, with thy many voices proclaim thy builder's praise, and incite those for whom thou wast made, and for whom thou wert cursed, those heirs of immortality, to love, to adore, to praise him too. On this day, this holy sabbath day, the day on which he rested when he had completed thy structure, and on which he rose when he had effected thy ransom; speak to them in thy softest tones of their Creator, their Preserver, and their Redeemer. Shew them thy fields ripe for harvest, thy trees bowed with rich fruit, point them to thy lovely flowers, bid them listen to the music of the groves, and then say, so that every heart may hear, 'If thy Maker hath prepared so beautiful an abode for the corruptible part, how inconceivably glorious must those mansions of light be, which he hath prepared far above the lofty ceiling of this lower world for the glorified spirits in heaven, who have served him first, and loved him here below.' O that we may thus love him with all our hearts, then shall we delight to think upon our home in heaven, the Great Three in One, the hosts of angel powers and our companions there, who are waiting to receive our ransomed spirits, and hail us welcome to

those heavenly shores. That this may be the happy rest of all my kind and beloved friends is the earnest prayer of your ever obliged and humble friend."

I shall here close this narrative. I have still kept back many matters of an interesting character, because I remembered the difference to be observed between an obituary notice, and the present sketch. The subject of this narrative still lives, and has been restored to the free use of her bodily and mental powers. It certainly has been a most extraordinary case, and for this reason its peculiar features were noted down as they occurred.

There are other cases which might extend themselves through another chapter, and some of sudden conversion under extraordinary circumstances, which stand out in bold relief on memory's tablets, and would interest the serious reader; but there may be opportunities at a future day which may give publicity to those facts which at present we are obliged to withhold.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

GRACE IN DEATH.

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my eternal home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."
Wesley's Hymns.

THE discharge of the duty connected with the pastoral office, brings the incumbent not only in contact with scenes where grace is exhibited in life, submission in suffering, but also where it is manifested in the very close of life, triumphant in death. The fortitude of the Christian believer, is not only witnessed by ministers in common with others, but they are acquainted with the mental exercises of persons in these circumstances, they can appreciate the character of their faith, and when necessary, are perhaps best qualified to pourtray their end.

It is admitted by all, that the life of the Christian is the special ornament of the professor of Christianity;

it is here that, apart from the pressure of circumstances to lead the mind to shun danger as immediate, the power of divine grace is exhibited, subduing the natural propensities of the heart, when that heart is vigorously prone to evil, and entirely changing the character of its pursuits. Innumerable benefits to the general cause of piety and religion, have been derived from the devoted lives, and the holy example of the real Christian; at the same time, the portrait will be allowed to be imperfect, unless religion can be presented maintaining its principles under every change of feeling, and exerting its sustaining power in the immediate view of eternal realities. Who is there that arises not from the perusal of the memorials of departed saints, having accompanied them, as it were, to the dark valley itself, and watched their progress through, without feeling more deeply the importance of these principles, and relieving the swelling emotions of the heart, with the earnest prayer "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

Many and varied are the peculiar scenes witnessed at the close of life, and not always those which can be looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure. I have been called to witness the death of the profligate son, who in the ravings of delirium produced by his excesses, had inflicted upon himself numerous injuries, and lay upon his dying bed a ghastly spectacle, covered with blood and wounds; yet even these were

then matters of secondary thought compared to the strugglings of the wounded mind with eternal torment just in view. I have seen the agony of a pious, praying mother, beside such a scene, and before such a son, but I cannot describe it. Again I have been called to the bedside of the young and tender female, who, at the very time that mind and person were unfolding in all the graces of womanhood, has suddenly been arrested by consumption,

"Like a worm i'th bud,
Preying on her damask cheek,"

Not indeed to witness the development of its secret ravages, but in the instance now alluded to, the call had been delayed till the visit was in vain, and the painful duty was left to tell the anxious parent that she held a dying child, yet all, even the patient herself, apparently insensible of the fact, till the lapse of a few hours convinced all too well; there was nought of hope left here to cheer the living, while remorse at the thought of neglect has been "a worm at the root of their gourd" of shade and comfort for many subsequent years.

Such scenes are inseparable from the office and its duty—but blessed be God! there are brighter scenes, and my object is to trace out such, and shew the triumphs of grace in death, from two cases which came under my own observation,

How frequently does the peculiar grace and favour

of God manifest itself so contrary to our deservings, that it appears as if in intended illustration of the sentiment, "For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his mercy to them that fear him." I have known a backslider convinced of sin in the season of sickness, made desirous to return, but seeking his lost peace for twelve months and more, apparently in vain: but then, when hope was all but gone, his spirit made happy, rejoicing in God his Saviour, and within twenty-four hours from that time, having sufficient time to leave an undeniable testimony of a well-grounded hope, by the breaking of a blood vessel, in one moment, made an inhabitant of another and a better world. Such a case has just occurred under my own notice. Again, I have known those, under similar circumstances, who had left their first love, and gone back from the holy commandment delivered unto them, suddenly awakened to their condition under a sermon addressed specially to such, and with this peculiarity, it was the last sermon they ever heard, the last opportunity permitted to them—such was the case in the following narrative.

The early part of the life of the individual whose case is now presented to the reader, was passed in a small settlement about six miles from Halifax, on the eastern side of the harbour. When she first came to the metropolis, in which she afterwards resided, it was as a visitor, in the year 1830. At this time there was

a remarkable revival of religion in the Wesleyan Society and congregation in the town, and she attended the various special meetings which were held. By the blessing of God her heart was visited by conviction, she found that, young as she was, she was not too young to die, and she felt that for death she was unprepared. Under these circumstances, a sinner in need of salvation, she sought the pardoning mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and it was not long before she found "the pearl of great price," and was enabled "to rejoice in God her Saviour."

I apprehend that the circumstances which follow, are among the most frequent causes of declension and backsliding in youthful converts. She returned to the country; it was not that grace was insufficient to preserve her, but she was deprived here of the public means of grace, of the spiritual advice and instruction she received in town, of the company and countenance of her young and pious friends. She was again thrown into companionship with the ungodly, was exposed to juvenile persecution on account of her religious profession, was assailed on every side with common youthful temptations and snares, her zeal declined, her efforts relaxed, her duties were neglected, her confidence was cast away, and her mind gradually lost its serious impressions, until again she was externally undistinguished from the world. Yet, although she thus "forsook the fountain of living waters, and

hewed out for herself broken cisterns which could hold no water," she still at times felt the reprovings of the Spirit in her mind, or, as she expressed herself, "The still small voice often said, 'Daughter! give me thy heart.'"

In her sixteenth year she removed to Halifax, to reside permanently with a relative, with whom she continued till the time of her death. At this time she was sensible that she had lost the peace which she formerly enjoyed, yet, although her mind was easily attracted by the pleasures and gaieties sought after by her youthful associates, she was preserved from the folly of those who run to do evil. Her natural disposition was pleasing, her temper mild and obliging, and she frequently resolved to follow the example of the returning prodigal, but as frequently her resolution failed, and the commencement of the year 1838 found her still a wanderer from the fold of Christ.

About the commencement of the year her mind was powerfully impressed by a dream, and she frequently expressed a conviction that her time on earth was short, that she should shortly die. On the evening of Sunday, January 28, she formed one of the congregation to which an address was delivered from these words, "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings; behold, we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God," Jeremiah iii. 22. Under the appeal she was again powerfully convinced

of her state, she went home, and though naturally reserved, she spoke freely of the distress of her mind, and her firm resolve to seek peace with God, being assured, as she expressed herself, "that she had received her last call, and would shortly die." On the Wednesday following, she was taken seriously ill, but her distress of mind appeared to outweigh her bodily affliction. She freely told her medical attendant that her soul was in danger, and that this was her chief concern, but he did not understand the ground of her distress, and attempted to prevent any access to her, by those who alone could assist and relieve her. It was, in fact, necessary and important to avoid excitement as much as possible, but neither silence nor quiet would she admit until she found rest in Christ. A more keen sense of lost opportunities, and of present danger, than was shown by her, is seldom manifested in any extremity. She wrestled with the Lord in earnest prayer, she importuned her pious friends unceasingly to pray for her, and her whole soul appeared intent upon obtaining the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

It was not until some days after this, that I was apprised of her situation; and on the evening preceding the day upon which I was sent for to visit her, while two pious friends were engaged in prayer, her soul was made happy in God—then her rejoicing was apparently as ecstatic, as her remorse had been severe.

My visit to her, therefore, was not to be the oft witnessed and painful sight of a sinner returning to God at the eleventh hour, but to behold the prodigal received and established in the once forsaken home; to see the wandering one restored and happy in the consciousness of a Father's love; the child of God rejoicing in his salvation, basking in the light of his countenance, with the pains of mortal affliction forgotten in the comforts of grace, and the aboundings of hope.

On hastening to visit her, as I entered the room, she said with energy, "that is the man who told me all things that ever I did," referring to the address to backsliders already mentioned and it was with some difficulty she could be persuaded that the sentiments advanced were addressed in general terms, and to *characters*, rather than to individuals.

How frequently has this peculiar mark of the Spirit's power in the word, connected itself with the successes of a preached gospel. While plain experimental truths have been unfolded to the mind, and the details of man's need and insolvency have been opened carefully and faithfully; while the attention of the hearer has been arrested and absorbed, the work of conviction has commenced within, the sword of the Spirit has unfolded layer after layer of the heart's obstinacy and wilfulness in resisting truth, the finer nerves have been exposed, the fountains of feeling opened, until

the whole heart has been exhibited in all its deformity and need, and the home thrust of the Spirit's sword, has carried the conviction, "Thou art the man," with such force, that the mind, thus aroused, has thought each sentiment applied to it in particular, the individual conceived each description a portrait of himself, and each appeal intended for him alone. Such was the case in this instance; but, setting aside this peculiar, yet not uncommon, circumstance, her experience was sound, her expressions of joy were certainly rapturous, but wellfounded, substantial, and satisfactory.

She had always been much attached to the pleasures of psalmody, and not only sung with a clear, good voice, but her memory was remarkably retentive, and always furnished her with ready quotations from the hymn book; in fact, the details of her experience, the character of her hope, the depth of her joy, the foundation of her faith, were each and all expressed by her in quotations from the Scriptures, or chanted, as with a dying voice, in sacred song. The expression of her countenance, and the tone and manner with which she uttered the following lines, will not easily be forgotten.

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
'This earth,' he cries, 'is not my place,
I have no place but heaven.

'A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;

The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.'"

A week after this visit, thinking that her end was nigh, she requested that she might be allowed to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; her wish in this respect was attended to. She was exceedingly emaciated, apparently on the very brink of the grave, but her joy was unspeakable, and full of glory. This opportunity will long be remembered by those who witnessed the scene, "it was good to be there."

It was expected by all around her, that her removal to another and a better world, would now soon take place; but it was ordered by him, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, that she should not only *do*, but also *suffer* his will. She lived after this time, most unexpectedly, a period of three months at least, wasted to a skeleton, covered with sores, and racked with pain, yet no murmur was heard to escape her; on one occasion, when a near relative was visiting her, a remark was made, which savoured of envy in the contrast between the sufferer in the sick room, and the number of healthy individuals continually passing in the public streets; this was uttered from sympathy, and it was not intended to reach the ear of the patient, but it did so, and she immediately said, "I envy no one, I have no want beyond the four posts of this bed, I have the Lord with me—Christ in me the hope of glory:—

'My hope is full. O glorious hope,
Of immortality.'"

During her sickness, which was so protracted, whether arising from the influence of disease, or from a mind of great susceptibility, an imagination unusually fervid, and her anticipations absorbed in one object, I cannot attempt to define; but she frequently spoke of delightful and remarkable visions of the future state, which were presented to her in the silent hours of night; as her weakness increased, these were more frequent, and although scepticism may scoff at such things, and philosophy reject them, we confess we are not prepared to follow such examples, unless prepared also to admit, that no divine comfort is vouchsafed, or the divine presence manifested, in these trying hours.

Some of these peculiar visitations, which were indeed spiritual food to her soul, might be narrated here, without doing violence to the credulity of any individual, but they are withheld in order to introduce an account of her last agony, which was connected with something of a similar kind.

For the space of thirty-six hours, she had lain, apparently in a dying state, incapable of changing her posture from entire prostration of strength, but her mind was kept calm, her countenance was smiling, her eye fixed, and while she had the power she might be heard whispering, "I see them, I see them, Glory!

Glory!" but even this feeble power of utterance failed at length, and she lay in an agony, her tongue so swollen that she could not speak. She remained thus for two hours, when, and it was the last effort of expiring nature, she suddenly aroused herself, her whole frame was animated with new life, a sound she made drew a friend close to her bedside, who kneeled down in order to catch her words, and she gasped with difficulty "Oh! the glory! Oh! if I could tell you the glory—they are coming for me!" The friend urged her to try to make herself understood, when, suddenly, her speech returned, and she said distinctly, "They are come for me—my cousin and my grandfather." She was here reminded that she could not know her grandfather, as he died when her mother was only four years old; but she immediately rejoined, "Yes! yes! it is he, a tall old gentleman all in white, and my cousin Frederic—they hold out their hands to help me—Oh—I come—I come," and then, although she had not been able to change her position without help for several weeks, she, by a convulsive energy, at this moment threw herself over on to the edge of the bed, stretched out her hand, and expired!

This is a simple narrative of facts which were witnessed and attested by persons whose authority is unquestionable. The circumstance of her knowing a person she had never seen may appear strange, yet her description exactly coincided with the truth; her

grandfather was a pious man, tall and good looking; her cousin was the companion of her childhood, one whom she tenderly loved, and who had been removed by death only a short time previous. It will form a striking sequel to the whole, to add, that in the dream which she had prior to her conviction, as mentioned in the commencement of this narrative, she thought she was visited by her cousin, who appeared as an angel, and who presented her with a scroll, written in strange and unknown characters, requesting that she would sing the words to a favourite tune; she thought she replied, that she knew not the language, when he told her that it was "the song of Moses and the Lamb," that she must immediately learn it, that they might be able to sing it together. This she then regarded as the presentiment of approaching death.

These facts will be left to speak for themselves; the accumulation of such testimony is in harmony with the narratives of the sacred and inspired volume; we have there both example and precept, and in conformity thereto, the Christian Church preserves among its records, the perseverance of saints, and their triumph in and over suffering, to stimulate others to be "followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

Our present design will be accomplished when we have traced the outlines of another narrative, presenting "a diversity of working, but the same Spirit."

The individual whose history, as it regards more particularly the close of her life, we would now present to the reader, was an inhabitant of the same place, and a member of the same Christian community; the daughter of one, who, for many years, has held, and still holds, the important office of instruction, which devolves upon those who are called "Class Leaders" in the Wesleyan Society. She was born in the year 1812; her disposition was amiable, and her general deportment commendable, through the successive periods of childhood and youth. It is known to her most intimate friends that she was, in very early life, the subject of religious impressions; but she was not made savingly acquainted with the truth, as it is in Jesus, until she had attained the twentieth year of her age.

Five years previous to this, she had been visited with incipient symptoms of that disease, which carried her at last to the grave. This affliction prevented her from mingling in the gay scenes of youth, and checked those dispositions, which would otherwise have been met by the restraints of parental controul. At this period, too, she was frequently the subject of serious impressions; but they were transient and evanescent—"like the morning cloud, and the early dew." In the year 1832, her mind was again brought under deep concern; under the preaching of the word she was led to see herself a sinner, and to

seek for mercy, through the merits of a crucified Redeemer.

It may be here remarked that, in the matter of religious experience, she, at all times, felt great difficulty in expressing herself, even to her most intimate friends; and, although this was removed most satisfactorily, in the last part of her sickness, yet, at this time, it prevented any individual from knowing much respecting the secret workings of her mind.

It was well known that she was deeply exercised; her regular retirement for prayer in private was noticed with gratitude to God, by a pious and anxious mother. A little conversation with an intimate friend took place shortly after, but nothing was elicited, until the month of January, in the year above named, when, at a prayer meeting held in the school-room adjoining the chapel, one Monday evening, she ventured publicly to approach the throne of grace, with others, as a penitent seeking salvation, to be made a subject for special application at the footstool of divine mercy.

In this exercise she obtained some comfort, some slight alleviation of mental anguish; but it was afterwards, in the retirement of her own room, that she received a clear sense of God's pardoning mercy, and was enabled to rejoice in his salvation. In the following week she united herself with the Wesleyan Society, and on the first sabbath of the following month,

after many struggles of mind from diffidence and fear, but under the affectionate guidance and advice of a Christian friend, she ventured to approach the table of the Lord, and partake of the eucharistic emblems of his dying love.

Her change was not announced to her family by any verbal communication; it exhibited itself in her serious deportment, her devout cheerfulness, her evident satisfaction and peace of mind, and her well known retirement for private devotion; at the same time, those more immediately associated with her in Christian fellowship, as her class mates, well knew that she now was walking "in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost."

These remarks will be amply sufficient to present an outline of her character and situation, till within a period of twelve months prior to her removal by death. For some time previous, the symptoms of her disease had considerably abated, and there appeared to be a fair prospect that her life might be prolonged to a distant period; but these favourable appearances were very shortly diminished. During the summer of 1839, she had again premonitory symptoms of approaching suffering (her complaint that of white swelling in the knee); but, although she suffered much from pain, at intervals, it was not uutil the 17th day of November that she was obliged to acknowledge

herself an invalid, and from that time she was entirely confined to her room.

It was a few days after this that I first visited her as a patient, and then I did not anticipate a fatal result. I was surprised, therefore, to find her particularly agitated and affected; indeed, the more so, because of her usual equanimity of disposition. This, I afterwards ascertained, did not arise from fear; but from a certain conviction of the fatal character of her malady; and, connected with this, a determination, by a powerful effort, to overcome a natural diffidence in communicating her thoughts and feelings on the subject of Christian experience. This she could not do in the presence of a third party, for when, in the presence of another, I asked a question of spiritual import, I found her features working convulsively, under the pressure of violent emotion. After a pause, I repeated the question, and the same effect was produced; but when I spoke to her in a lower tone, as she lay upon the couch, after a great struggle, she told me she wished for conversation with no other auditor present, and then stated her reason, declaring her utter inability to open her mind in the presence of any one else. In this matter she was immediately gratified; she obtained the victory over her natural tendency to entire reserve, and frequently afterwards, during her sickness, alluded to this period, and said, "If I had not overcome my feelings then, I never

could have done it afterwards; and, then, how much happiness would I have lost, and perhaps religion too. At this time, also, she fully explained the state of her mind, unfolded her Christian experience, declared her need of a deeper work of grace in her heart, and professed her full determination to give herself wholly unto God.

A short time after this, she alluded to the last opportunity she had of meeting in class, and the circumstances are here introduced as presenting a fine illustration of Christian duty in resisting temptation, as well as an encouragement to others, perhaps similarly situated at times, to follow the same plan. On the 13th day of November—four days preceding her sickness—she did not experience any particular intimation of approaching trial; but she felt a peculiar and distressing hesitancy about going to her class at that particular time; it was not from any disrelish for the means itself; on the contrary, this was that in which she took the greatest delight—which she most particularly valued; nor was it usual for her to omit or neglect this duty, for she was scrupulously regular in her attendance: but it was a device of the enemy, in which Satan tried to gain an advantage. After a painful struggle, she resolved to go, and she did so,—it was the *very last time* she ever had an opportunity to attend the social means of grace; and often did she remark afterwards how much food for bitter re-

flection this would have given her, during her protracted sickness, had she, on this occasion, yielded to the suggestions of the enemy, and neglected to attend.

During the course of a long affliction, many were the interviews in which, in most interesting conversations, she showed her deep anxiety for all the mind that was in Christ; although it was a considerable drawback to the general interest of these scenes, that, for more than three months, she could not open her lips to speak, in the presence of a third party, and even the nurse had to vacate her post, before her mind could exercise itself in divine things, except in silence; especially was it a subject of grief to her pious mother, who longed to hear the conversations reported to her, and which she partially enjoyed herself while listening at the purposely opened door. I felt it to be a duty to attempt to overcome this feeling, and frequently spoke to her upon the subject; at last it was determined, with her own approval, that the effort should be made. It was arranged that her mother should enter the room while she was speaking, she being prepared to expect it, and determined, if possible, to overcome her feelings. I was listening to a description of her enjoyments—her present peace and future hopes—when her voice suddenly ceased, and her countenance became rigid; she essayed in vain to utter a word. A mother's anxious face peered

through the curtains of the bed, and was again obliged to withdraw, when she saw the emotion which her entrance had occasioned.

Although this attempt proved abortive, a determined resolution, and a subsequent effort, were, in the end, successful, and she afterwards spoke freely in the presence of numbers of her friends. There is some little difficulty in explaining this peculiarity, and yet how often is it, more or less, exhibited in ordinary Christian life. Is it not a much more general thing than it is usually supposed to be? Such is the opinion I have been led to form from pretty close observation. It is a matter not frequently alluded to, because individuals think themselves to stand alone in such feelings; yet such is not the case. Members of the same family find a greater difficulty in speaking to each other on the subject of experimental religion, than they do to others more remotely connected with them. On other topics, their joys and sorrows are openly expressed and well understood; but here there is concealment and difficulty. Is it not a master stroke of policy in the arrangement of temptations, a matter which it should be our study diligently to ascertain and remove?

After the time, when this difficulty was taken out of the way, those who had the privilege to unite, in supplicating the throne of grace around her bed, experienced seasons of refreshing from the presence of

the Lord, which will not easily be forgotten: it appeared at times, that "prayer ardent opened heaven; streams of rich glory were poured upon the consecrated hours thus spent in audience with the Deity." From some memoranda which I made at the time, I shall be enabled to present, in detail, the most remarkable of those facts, which came under my observation, and which, I trust, may be both interesting and profitable to the reader.

In the early part of February, her sickness assumed a determined form—her knee was opened in large sloughing sores continually discharging, and the pain of dressing these sores was most excruciating, while convulsive attacks at intervals, marked the sure and fatal progress of the malady, and made it evident that she must soon sink under the severe sufferings which she endured. About this time I found her, on one occasion, unusually agitated, and she expressed a wish to ask advice on a very important subject, the next day. When I called to see her, I found her anxiety proceeded from this source; her medical attendant had proposed amputation above the knee, as the only remaining chance for restoring her to her friends. It was a matter of some difficulty to offer advice upon, as I did not feel justified in acceding to an opinion she expressed, namely, that she would rather die under her present circumstances, than undergo the operation with the prospect of its being in vain at last. I asked

her if she did not think that she had had sufficient intimation from her own feelings, that the disease had extended itself beyond the reach of the knife; and when this was mentioned, she appeared satisfied that such was the case. On the following day she assured me, with apparent joy, that she had suffered much pain in the hip-joint, during the night, and that when she mentioned this to the doctor, he had given up the idea of amputation. Thus was her mind relieved from this anxiety, and left to engage its attention alone with things heavenly and divine.

The following remarks are taken from the memoranda alluded to, and in the order in which the events occurred.

February 5,—She remarked that she had been making some little arrangements in the prospect of her approaching death, that she felt she had now done with the world, and that she was calm, and peaceful, and happy.

I asked her if she felt that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from all sin?" she replied, "that is just what I want, I want to feel that." I urged her to look for and expect, a present full salvation. She repeated the twenty-third Psalm—dwelt fully on the fourth verse—spoke freely of her approaching dissolution—and with reference to this great salvation, said, "Christ is able to save me fully, and I believe he is willing also." I asked her why she could not

apprehend that he was ready now to do it? she said, "It is my unbelief." I pointed her to that verse—

> "'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
> With full salvation bless;
> Redemption through thy blood I have,
> And spotless love and peace."

She was very fervent in prayer, and experienced much of the power and presence of God.

Between this period, and one week later, she sought and found the blessing she desired. She did not receive it as she expected; but when she was describing, one day, in remarkably strong and nervous language, her total freedom from fear, and the increased absorption of her soul in the love of God, I suggested, that this might be the very blessing she had desired, "perfect love casting out fear," and that if she exercised faith in Christ's power thus to save, she would receive the witness in herself that he "cleansed her from all unrighteousness." She eagerly caught the idea, her soul seemed resting in full and entire confidence in Christ, a few moments passed in unbroken silence, her heart was melted down before the Lord, as wax melteth before the fire, her eyes filled with tears of joy, she began to extol the praises of redeeming love, obtained clearly, and from that hour, never lost the evidence of sanctifying grace.

The humbling views which she entertained of herself were very striking, she had always indeed been,

not only reserved, but retiring in her natural disposition, and this now exhibited itself in feelings of self-abasement and humiliation. She had casually heard, that a funeral sermon had been preached on the death of an individual belonging to the society, and she expressed a desire that no funeral sermon should be preached at her death. Some one present remarked, that sometimes a voice would speak more strongly from the grave, to the hearts of the living; on this she appeared lost in thought for a few moments, then she said "Oh! no; it must not be. I could not bear the thought of being publicly alluded to; nothing good can be said of me." It will be seen in the sequel, however, that on this point her opinions subsequently underwent some change.

February 14—She said, "I awoke this morning, saying, 'Bless the Lord, Oh my soul!'" On asking her respecting the blessing of perfect love, she stated, that she now no longer doubted but that the Lord had fully sanctified her soul; and then she added, "I always thought that when the Lord gave me this great blessing, he would enable me to say something for him, to others, for their good, (referring to some of her immediate friends.) I knew that without this grace, I could not feel courage so to do; but last evening I called to ——— and asked him if he knew that I should soon die, and whether he felt that he could give me up; he replied that he would endeavour

to be resigned, if such was the will of God. I told him then, that I should die happy if he would promise me that he would serve the Lord; he told me, with emphasis, that he would; I then spoke as loud as I could, and said, but you must promise me to begin now, he gave me the promise, and I felt very happy." She also said, "I am now just waiting for the Lord to call me, it cannot be long, but his time is the best."

Though extremely weak, she was much animated when engaged in prayer, and at all times she spoke of her death, with as much calmness and composure, as if it were but a journey of this life, instead of a transition into the eternal world.

February 17.—She lay in an agony of pain all the day, and when I saw her in the evening, her face was convulsed, so that she could not speak. After praying with her, and being about to retire, she detained me by the hand a moment or two, until, after a painful effort she said, "This cannot last long." I replied, "You can still rest in confidence on your Saviour?" she answered, "Yes! I can." On the following day she appeared comparatively easy, although she had passed a sleepless night; but before I left her she had a violent spasm, and when it had passed away, she said with a smile

"The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there."

In the afternoon of this day she had a series of violent spasms or convulsion fits, and it was thought that her end was approaching. I was called out of the pulpit in the evening, (my colleague kindly continuing the service,) and on hastening to her bedside, I found it surrounded with weeping friends, she said, "Jesus is very precious," but her voice appeared almost gone. I thought if this was the last scene, her own dying testimony to the value of religion would be calculated to produce a deep and lasting impression for good, upon some that were present, and, seeing that she had the use of her speech, of which she had been partially deprived before, I said, "You can recommend to all your friends, to seek that religion which now supports you?" when, to the astonishment of all, she raised her head from the pillow, saying in quite a loud tone of voice, "Oh! I beg of you all to seek the Lord with all your hearts, seek the Lord now, Oh! seek him without delay." She was then quite exhausted, but continued to speak in a whisper of the peace which she felt and enjoyed. The Lord was very near while we solemnly commended her to him in prayer, little thinking that several weeks of suffering were yet to be endured.

February 19.—She had several violent spasms during the night past, but before day-break this morning she was heard to sing

"What is there here to court my stay
Or hold me back from home;
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

I saw her about eleven o'clock, she lay quite easy, free from pain, but very weak. I asked her if the Lord was precious, she answered, "very." I spoke to her of the trial of faith, and she said, "I have felt all morning that I could say,

"My hope is full, (Oh glorious hope!)
Of immortality."

Then she was seized with violent convulsions of the most distressing kind, her groans were piercing, and her struggles violent; she then partially recovered, then had another attack, after which she revived. I had for a minute been standing aside, but I now went forward, when she smiled very faintly, and whispered, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord," immediately she was convulsed again. When I visited her in the evening, I found that she had had one of those remarkable visitations which I have before witnessed under similar circumstances, and which was again repeated before I left. I do not attempt to offer any explanation, for I am unable to do so, I only describe what I saw, and I do think that the most sceptical mind would have been convinced, (if present on this occasion) that it was no mental hallucination merely, while the Christian believer must hail it as a lively commentary upon that passage, 'are they not all

ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

Perceiving an unusual motion in her lips and eyes, the nurse took up her extended hands, apprehensive that she was about to have another fit, but instead of being convulsed as before, she put aside the offered help, and slowly lifted up her right hand, her whole countenance being lighted up with supernatural brightness, and pointing upwards with her finger, she said softly, "There they are—they are waiting for me—I shall soon come; I will, I will." She then turned and said, "Don't you see them—they are waiting for me—they are all there." The whole room appeared to be filled with the divine presence. We appeared to be standing on the margin of the invisible world, the eye straining to catch a glimpse of its glory, the ear listening for its choral symphonies. She seemed to be conversing in a whisper, and we caught the sound of it, saying, "I shall soon be with you. Come! Come!" She also mentioned the name of a dear departed friend, as though she either saw her, or was calling for her. She lay after this for an hour in a most delightful frame, clasping her hands together and praising the Lord.

During the whole progress of her malady, she was mercifully preserved from severe assaults from the enemy of her soul, yet she was not altogether free from temptation, for when I saw her again after one

of the spasmodic attacks, she said, "When that last struggle was over, Satan came, and told me that I should never see those angels again, nor Jesus Christ, neither should I go where they are: I told him to be gone, and now all is peace." She then asked us to sing, and reaching the hymn book, she opened on page 198, and desired us to sing that hymn, in which she joined with fervour as well as she was able.

February 20.—This morning, after a night of refreshing slumber, she was quite free from pain, and in an inexpressibly happy state of mind; in the evening she appeared again to hold communion with the invisible world, and to us, who had the privilege of being present, it was a most interesting season.

I went down after the prayer meeting, and found her very happy; she had had two delightful views of attendant angels. After some time, she asked "if there had been any music in the house," and on being answered in the negative, she said, "I heard beautiful music." I inquired if she could describe what she saw, and she replied, "Oh! no. I cannot describe the appearance of the angels, but they were very numerous, and I saw my Saviour with them; there was quite a group of them, all looking down upon me." While at prayer, subsequently, we had a remarkable sense of the Divine presence—the room seemed filled with it—it was almost overpowering.

She appeared to be in an ecstasy; her hands were lifted up on high, and in constant motion; she waved them round and round, and frequently clasping them together, seemed like a spirit just about to wing its flight from earth, to enter the paradise of God. After singing a hymn, I left, and she told me that on the following morning she wished to speak to me on a particular subject.

February 21.—Being in attendance this morning as usual, after receiving an account of the Lord's dealing with her through the night—which was one of peace, and ease from pain—she entered upon the subject upon which she had wished to speak to me, which was respecting a sermon being preached on occasion of her death. She referred to the restriction which has been already alluded to, and on intimating that she now wished to remove it, she added cheerfully, "You know I have never been a public character; I have always preferred to be

'Little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone.'

But I have feared, lest, by consulting my own feelings only, I might be the means of hindering good being done to others, and therefore, although I much prefer nothing being said of me when I am gone, I will leave it entirely with you. I am a sinner saved by grace, and my only desire is, the glory of God, and the salvation of others."

She then reviewed her whole illness, and expressed her gratitude that, notwithstanding it was felt to be a cross at the time, she had, at the first interview, fully opened the state of her mind. She said, that had she not broken through at first, she never should have had resolution afterwards, and would have been a poor stupid patient, without receiving many blessings since experienced. She alluded to many little particulars connected with her affliction, and said—"Every thing has been accomplished to my wish, and every desire has been fulfilled; not one good thing has failed of all that the Lord has promised—all has come to pass." She experienced a deep sense of the remarkable manifestation of God's presence, that we had experienced the preceding evening, and said, although she had a spasm at the time, her faculties remained unimpaired. She also referred to another memorable period, the time when she had received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the whole day having been passed by her in extreme pain, with the exception of a small portion devoted to the administration of the ordinance, the pain returning with undiminished force only a very few minutes afterwards.

February 24.—The two last days have been varied with alternate ease and pain. On Friday evening, I was sent for in haste, and found that she had been in convulsions two hours. When their violence had somewhat abated, and she recognised me, she said, as

one of the spasms ceased, "One less now." I remarked that they would soon be over; she appeared to catch eagerly at this, and inquired if I thought she would obtain her long-looked-for release that night. I told her that it was impossible to say, and asked what her own opinion was. Her reply was, "I do not know, but I hope so." She had again one of those remarkable visitations already spoken of, and passed a somewhat comfortable night.

The following day she was cheerful and lively, comparatively free from pain; and, seeing a friend writing in the room, she asked for pencil and paper, and wrote as follows, to friends that were very dear to her:—

"My dear Uncle and Aunt—

"With my dying hand I wish to write a few lines to you, to inform you, not of my sufferings, oh! no, but of my happiness in believing. Oh! what would I have done without religion now! Blessed be the Lord, it has supported me through this long affliction; my trust has been in the Saviour; and I have found his grace sufficient for me in every trying hour. Now, most likely, ere you read this, I shall be numbered among the dead. Yes! the name of your Eliza will no more be sounded in this world. A short time since I felt the application of his all-cleansing blood; and now 'my hope is full (oh! glorious hope) of immortality.' Kiss the dear children for me; dear uncle and aunt, we shall meet in heaven."

After writing as above, on the same evening, she changed for the worse. I found her very weak, and in great pain; she could just whisper, "My heart and my flesh are failing me; but God is the strength of my heart, and he will be my portion for ever." She added, "Before to-morrow night, I hope that I shall get home." When I was about to leave, she asked why I went away so soon? and, on her mother referring to the duties of the day, (it was Sabbath evening, after three services) she said, "Oh! yes, it was very kind to come down, and on such a stormy night as this; but the Lord will bless you, and I get a blessing also every time you come."

Some weeks of protracted suffering now elapsed. Her extreme attenuation, and constant suffering, made it one of the most distressing cases ever witnessed by sorrowing friends; yet not a murmur escaped her lips. It was impossible to move her at all, without excruciating pain. Her knee, during the whole time, had discharged a most extraordinary quantity of matter; and some faint idea may perhaps be formed respecting it, when it is stated, that, on a *post mortem* examination, it was found that the entire joint had decayed away. The fact could not be ascertained before death; for the limb could not be moved at all, for some time previous, except as little as possible, when it was dressed.

March 30.—Yesterday she appeared nearly at the

end of her course; for two days the power of articulation has been nearly lost, apparently through internal convulsions affecting both the throat and mouth; still, she moved her lips at times, and pointed upwards. When that passage was quoted, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," she appeared extremely desirous to speak; and, on putting my ear close to her lips, I could just understand her to say, "I have no fear; glory be to God!" I saw her twice on this day; her mouth and throat were so convulsed, that she appeared to stammer most painfully when she attempted to speak. I told her, if she felt that Jesus was precious to her, to press my hand; her countenance was at once radiant with joy—she took my hand in both her's, and pressed it with fervour, while her mouth and lips moved, as though she would have spoken volumes; yet no sound was heard. I thought it was a lively illustration of those beautiful words—

> "When death o'er nature shall prevail,
> And all the powers of language fail,
> Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
> And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

April 20.—A sudden summons called me hastily to the house which, for some months, I had visited nearly every day. As I entered the outer door, I heard an exclamation up stairs, and immediately ran up with-

out waiting to be announced: but I was just too late; there lay the tabernacle, worn out; the marks of the struggle just completed were on its brow; the golden bowl was broken—the silver cord was loosed—the emancipated and happy spirit had fled to paradise. Just as I stepped on the threshold of the door, she entered "into the joy of her Lord."

* * * * *

I need add nothing to a plain narrative of facts; conviction of the reality and importance of religion must force itself upon every reflecting mind; while one prayer will surely be uttered, with earnest desire, by every one who peruses these pages, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

CHAPTER SIXTH.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, FACILITIES OF COMMUNICATION, CLIMATE, &c.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

Wesley's Hymns.

THERE is nothing which so peculiarly forces upon the mind of an individual that he is in a foreign land, as the differences which he remarks in the manners and customs of ordinary life in those around him. An individual may be an exile from home by choice or necessity, this will make but little difference; the situation in which he finds himself may have charms, or it may have none, this does not make all the distinction; there are peculiarities which meet him at every turn, and these speak of his absence from his

fatherland; they tell him, in a voice which will be heard, that he is not at home. It cannot be expected, that, in the British Colonies of North America, there will be all that difference in manners and customs which might be found much nearer home, for instance, on the Continent of Europe: nor does the writer remember to have ever felt on this side the Atlantic, as he once did, when in difficulty late one evening (and that a very rainy one) in Scotland, many years ago; unable to secure a bed for the night at the only inn in the place, and a perfect stranger there, he was contemplating the only chance remaining of passing the night by sitting up before the fire, when a good honest Scotchman turned to a neighbour, after hearing the unsuccessful application to the waiter, and said, "He is an Englishman, and we must procure him accommodation some where in the town:" then, the sound of my own country's name—myself absent from it for the first time in my life—had a very peculiar effect on my mind. No feeling like this has ever recurred since—for in this colony, whether you come from England, Ireland, or Scotland, it matters not, the Nova Scotian looks upon you as a countryman; he claims to be a Briton with yourself; and though he may have never set his foot on any other shore, he still calls "the old country" *home:* a sound peculiarly endeared to the expatriated Englishman.

At the same time there are many customs prevalent in ordinary life which we do not witness in England, and it is my design not merely to attempt a description of these, but to direct attention to those things which in the published accounts which have been offered to the public, have either escaped observation, or have been omitted in description. In the way in which funerals are conducted in the province, there is considerable difference exhibited, and this was one of the first peculiarities which offered itself to my notice.

In the arrangements of the house after a death has occurred, it is customary to cover the walls of the apartment in which the corpse is laid, with white hangings throughout—generally common cotton sheets are hung around the room.

Every picture is scrupulously covered, the clock-face is always hidden, and the table upon which the coffin rests is covered to the ground. No white wood coffins are seen, like the plain oak ones used in England, all are blacked with a mixture of lamp black or black paint—very few are covered with cloth.

At home the coffin is generally closed before the day of interment, but in this province, this never is done except under peculiar circumstances; it appears to be expected particularly that every one who attends the funeral shall look upon the corpse. Sometimes I have seen the lid divided half-way down, and hinged, so that while the lower part is screwed down, the

upper part remained open, and was turned back; at other times the whole lid has been screwed down, and a pane of glass inserted just over the face of the corpse, protected by a sliding cover, so that before the latter was drawn over, all could obtain the usual glance. This last look of the relatives and friends is sometimes, in the country parts of the province, carried to a painful and unnecessary extreme: the coffin will be carried out into the road or public street, prior to proceeding to the place of interment; then perhaps, after wailing grief and weeping adieus, partially screwed down, and carried to the burying ground, where it is again opened, and the harrowing scenes of a final parting are renewed, sometimes with loud outcries and vehement grief. It is but just to say that these scenes are becoming more rare, and it is to be hoped that in a short time, will become obsolete, as better information on the subject prevails. But another marked peculiarity is seen throughout the whole province, namely, a large attendance of individuals to walk in procession at the funeral. It is held as a mark of respect to the family, that all persons acquainted with the deceased, should, without special invitation, except as it is sometimes publicly announced in the newspapers, present themselves at the funeral; so that, on some occasions, I have witnessed from two to three hundred individuals following, two and two, and extending the procession to a great

length indeed; in fact, in the country, it amounts to a turn-out of the whole community or neighbourhood, and the question, as to whether it was *a large* funeral or no, is not unfrequently heard as a test of the respect in which the deceased was held.

It is also expected that some service, by the officiating minister, should take place at the house from which the funeral proceeds. In settlements, where individuals have come from remote distances to attend, and when perhaps the place of interment is like the patriarchal one of Abraham, "a family burying place in a field," a funeral sermon is often preached at the house before proceeding to the grave; but, in all cases, or nearly so, where no other service takes place, except at the grave, the departure from the house is preceded by singing and prayer.

There is also as marked a contrast in the celebration of marriages, between this and the old country, as in the preceding account respecting funeral rites. In England, marriages are generally solemnized in the early part of the day, they also generally take place in the parish church or Registrar's office, in the presence of a few friends, but never at a private house, except by special license; but here it almost without exception takes place at the residence of the parents of the bride, and in the evening. Eight o'clock at night is a customary hour; the entertainments are frequently on an extensive scale, and the number pre-

sent often manifestly disproportioned to the size of the house. In this matter, however, fashion is introducing somewhat of a change; the idea of being married "in church" has been imported from home, and some in the higher circles have commenced the practice, not, however, with that studied retirement which is observed in England; the event is generally a matter of notoriety, and the clergyman, at such times, may ensure to himself, then at least, a large congregation.

Some years ago there were disabilities attaching themselves to ministers who were not in connection with the Church of England, the latter alone being allowed to marry by license; but an extending spirit of liberality has equalised these distinctions, and all ministers who have received ordination, are permitted to marry without any such restriction.

The introduction of many English customs during the last few years, may, in some measure, be ascribed to the increasing communication obtained with England during that time by the establishment of the mail steamers. The extended intercourse by this means has already been alluded to, but it yet remains to shew other advantages which have accrued from this important change, and the first to which I shall refer, is a matter which is of deep interest to every colonist and every resident. I allude to the improvements effected in the transmission of correspondence

by mail, not only as it regards speed and safety, but as it will easily be discovered, in a financial point of view. In 1837 the postage of a single sheet to Halifax was two shillings and threepence sterling: this was the price of a single letter, subject as usual, under the old economy, to double postage in case of an enclosure, however light, but at the present time the postage is regulated as at home, by weight; the single rate being charged to Halifax one shilling sterling. But again, a more important amelioration for those who reside at a great distance from Halifax, still in the British Colonies, is connected with this change. Take the following as an illustration,—The inter-colonial postage between Halifax and Montreal in Eastern Canada is two shillings and twopence currency, this was in former times added to the regular packet postage, in proportion to the distance from Halifax; this caused some letters to be taxed to an extent which instead of facilitating correspondence, operated as a prohibition; but now one general rate of one shilling and twopence sterling is charged upon every letter beyond Halifax, whether the distance be five or five hundred miles, no internal postage being demanded in addition.

The prudence and profit of this measure, both to the public and to the post-office, is unquestionable; the higher rates prevented an increasing revenue, and other means of conveyance, although less regular,

were sought after, to the impeding and restricting of commercial intercourse; and when it is remembered, in addition to this, that the old line of sailing packets from Falmouth, in boisterous weather were sometimes forty, fifty, and on a few occasions even ninety days on the passage, while scarcely a year elapsed but one was lost; it will be easily seen that there was not only delay, but no dependence or certainty could be placed on the anxiously looked for arrival. But how different are the circumstances under the present arrangement, calculation and expectation have never in a single intance been disappointed more than a day or two, and letters are frequently delivered in Montreal and Quebec, on the fifteenth day after they have left the post-office in Liverpool.

The same liberal spirit of management has lately also extended itself to the colonial rates of postage: the rates themselves have not been lowered except in a few cases, but the adoption of weight as the standard for rating the postage, gives the usual half-ounce for a single rate in lieu of the former less liberal arrangement.

Equally susceptible of the genius of improvement has been the management of all other matters connected with the locomotive accommodation of the public during the last few years, and as these are matters which do not find their way easily into any history of the province, it may be allowed that we

should occupy a few pages of this narrative with some remarks illustrating these improvements.

The lapse of the last seven years has made a wonderful difference, both in the public roads of the province, and in the vehicles employed for the accommodation of the public. It is not indeed, now, that Nova Scotia can speak of her stage coaches, in any favourable comparison with those light and well-appointed equipages, which were found on the English roads, in the climax of their history, before they were run down by railway competition. In fact, the build of such vehicles would not answer in this climate; steel springs could not be depended upon, under all the circumstances they have to encounter; for either the action of the severe frost in winter would endanger them, or, still more, the sudden crossing of a projecting log in the road, would cause too frequent ruptures to be either pleasant or allowable.

The coaches in use have a much more clumsy appearance externally, and are suspended upon leather straps, many in number, to the thickness of about two inches when laid upon each other; these are secured together by a clip and screw, and fastened at either end of the body of the coach, on each side, by being passed round an iron bar raised from the bed of the carriage, and higher than the resting place of the body itself. The motion, to a stranger, is unpleasant, being what sailors call a fore and aft motion; but these sus-

penders serve to break the abruptness of those interruptions made by rocks and logs in the road. In these matters, as already intimated, great improvements have taken place in the last few years. In the year 1838, in my journey to Picton, alluded to in a former page, I found a vehicle running as a stage, and carrying "Her Majesty's mails" also, which, if properly described, might provoke a smile. It had had steel springs, disposed in the quadrangular form in which they are sometimes used in England; but one of these had been broken and removed, and the substitute was a stick of wood, rough hewn out of the forest, which was placed where the broken spring had been, resting on the fore-carriage when it was lashed, and on which the body itself, in its turn, rested: of course there was no "spring" in the matter at all. At first I supposed this was a substitute for a short time, till it could be repaired; but I was soon undeceived; it served our purpose for the journey of one hundred miles. After a fortnight had elapsed, and I wanted to return home, I found the obnoxious log still in its place; and, if it had not been for an entire change in the dispensation of stage coaches, for ought I know to the contrary, it might have been there to this day.

The changes which have taken place are creditable to all parties concerned. There are only two main lines of road from Halifax—the eastern route to

Picton, and the western to Windsor; the former one hundred, and the latter forty-five miles from the metropolis; this was opened for a stage in 1816, and was extended to Annapolis, in 1828, the House of Assembly granting three hundred pounds per annum for five years, to assist the undertaking. From Windsor the post road takes two routes, embracing the western portion of the province, the road following the northern shore by Annapolis and Digby to Yarmouth; thence, on the southern shore, by Barrington, Sherburne, Liverpool, and Lunenburgh, back to Windsor again.

Large sums of money have, of late years, been expended on the public roads, which are now, in the travelling season, in a very creditable condition; new stage coach companies have superseded the old ones. On the eastern road light, and indeed elegant, stages may be seen driving into the city, with six greys "in hand;" while, on the other route, there is an opposition competing with the old established company, which has already had the effect of reducing the fares and increasing the accommodation. One general peculiarity remains to be noticed; there is not the difference between outside and inside fare so usual at home. These vehicles have but little accommodation for outside passengers, excepting the "box seat;" and inside and outside fares are charged alike, with the addition of a gratuity for a seat beside the

driver, by way of preventing altercation for that distinction.

Another main feature in the history of the increased facilities of communication, is found in the introduction and increase of steam-boat accommodation. In the year 1828 the House of Assembly voted one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, to encourage the establishment of a steam communication between Annapolis and St. John, N.B. Subsequently, similar communication was opened between Windsor and St. John; afterwards between Picton, Charlotte Town, and Meramichi. In 1841 a steam-boat commenced running weekly between Halifax and St. John, calling at the then principal western ports, viz., Lunenburg, Liverpool, and Yarmouth. The branch mail steamer in connection with the Cunard line, connects Picton and Quebec; and an engagement has just been completed for carrying the mails, per steamer, from Halifax to Newfoundland. In all these arrangements, as must necessarily be the case in a young country, assistance has been liberally afforded by the provincial legislature; yet, there can be no doubt but that the enterprise will be attended with success, and, in a short time, be independent of any other than the public aid.

Perhaps a better plan could not be adopted to show the facilities afforded at the present time for speedy travelling in the provinces than to sketch the outlines

of a journey undertaken by the writer, in the summer of 1843, to be present at the commencement of the first term of the new Wesleyan Academy, at Sackville, N. B., a building which has been lately completed at an expense of upwards of five thousand pounds, and presented by the munificence of one individual, (C. F. Allison, Esq.) as a Centenary gift to the British Conference for the general purposes of education and Wesleyan training. It is conveniently situated near the junction of the two provinces, at Sackville, in Westmoreland, about nine miles from the circuit town of Amherst, referred to in our second chapter. It may be premised that the greatest obstacle to the regular transit of steamers in the western coast of Nova Scotia, and in the Bay of Fundy in particular, arises from the dense fogs which prevail during the summer season; at the same time it is astonishing how much ingenuity and experience can effect in overcoming this great obstacle, which is still often the cause of danger, inconvenience, and delay.

The route intended, on this occasion, was by water from Yarmouth to St. John; thence, as arrangements might have been made there for journeying onwards in company with other preachers in that district. I went on board the steamer "Saxe Gotha," on a Saturday afternoon in July, expecting, according to promise, to take the pulpit in St. John, the following day. A lovlier afternoon need not be desired;

still the wind was south west, ominous of fog. We were preparing to leave the wharf, when the light-house at the entrance of the harbour, suddenly disappeared; a dense bank of fog was seen creeping through the narrows at the harbour's mouth, and, in a few minutes, came rolling on until every thing was shut out from view, except a small circumference around the vessel; and to leave was impossible: however, before night, the fog lifted sufficiently for us to drop down the harbour; but in the narrows it again shut in upon us, and we were prevented from putting to sea. We lay at anchor till daylight, when, about four o'clock, A.M., we were just able to clear the harbour, and shape our course for Briar Island, which divides the voyage about mid-distance to St. John. The fog continued as thick as ever, and no object met our view. By the time we had run our distance, and expected to be near the Island, it was past ten o'clock, A.M. The sun now drove the fog down upon us most oppressively; it was also evidently dispersing, as a bright blue sky was directly above us, and the fog appeared to be no higher than the top of the fore-mast. Still it hung around us like a veil, and we lay to, and stood off and on alternately with slackened speed, a look-out being stationed aloft, and some keen eyes about the bows of the vessel.

On listening attentively, when we lay still on the smooth water, we heard a heavy roaring sound, above

the noise occasioned by the escaping steam; and one, almost at the same time, discerned a line of some thing whiter than the fog, above the range of the water level; this was conjectured to be surf breaking on the island; but it must have been, at least, thirty feet high. We advanced a little, very cautiously, and now saw a distinct line of heavy surf, with a break in the centre of the line, which we concluded to be the passage we had to enter, between the island and the main. We accordingly ventured to proceed very slowly; the surf was now terrifically distinct, both to the eye and ear; and the very thought, that if this were not the passage, we were rushing upon certain destruction, was somewhat appalling. We had not proceeded far when a look-out shouted "Breakers ahead!" "Stop her!" was the ready reply. Another now called out that there were breakers on the starboard bow; and, at the same time, another shouted that there were breakers on the larboard beam. It was an exciting moment; not another word was spoken; but the experienced pilot looked over the bows, pierced through the fog as far as vision could reach; his countenance brightened—"It is the passage tide rip," was the glad announcement, and on we went; but such a tide as this! the force of the current of the whole bay, in its ebb, is propelled through a passage less than half a mile wide, and it came on rolling and tumbling like a heavy cross sea, until,

in a few moments, we were plunging our bows into it, as though we had encountered the effects of a sudden storm. We now saw the land dimly; the fog was breaking; a point of land ahead remained to be passed; we shoot past it swiftly, and in a moment more, like enchantment, the rolling tide is far astern; we are in water smooth as a lake, and beautifully blue: the fog is gone—we have left it behind, like a drop curtain, in our wake; and the cloudless sky—the summer's sun—the beautiful harbour—the pretty village—present, at one glance, a most interesting picture, heightened, perhaps, by contrast with the suspense we had endured. It was the Christian Sabbath; I was shut out from the expected opportunity of divine worship; I was nearly fifty miles from the end of the journey, but I yet anticipated reaching St. John, in time for evening service. It continued a most lovely day—no fog nor cloud was seen—and we sped on our way with rapidity; yet, owing to the ebb tide, at the time appointed for service we were twelve miles from the city, then distinctly in view, and we eventually arrived just as the several places of worship were dismissing their congregations.

I have digressed considerably from my intention, by enlarging on the outline proposed; and have committed an anomaly in writing of the hindrances, when proposing to write of the facilities of travelling;

but I have wished to show any peculiar feature of this country distinctly, and this must be my apology for these details. As Sackville is distant one hundred and forty miles by land from St. John; and we were to meet at that place on the following Wednesday, I very naturally judged that Monday and Tuesday would be occupied by the journey; but I soon found that a more convenient arrangement had been made. A considerable party had been formed, so as to warrant the engagement of a steamer to convey us up the bay direct to Sackville, about one hundred miles. This was to leave on Tuesday evening, so that I had two days of leisure in the city—was able to preach on Tuesday evening; after which the whole party went on board; all was prepared; we put to sea immediately, and at eleven o'clock the next morning we were at Sackville. It is not my intention to describe this beautiful building, or the circumstances connected with this opening of the institution, except to say, that this was the re-opening or commencement after the first recess; and it was deemed desirable that the services should be made as interesting and impressive as possible. This took place on Thursday; several of the preachers from both districts were present, by appointment, from the annual district meetings; and the afternoon of the day was devoted to business. At seven o'clock in the evening, I left the academy in a light waggon, having engaged a friend

to drive me thirty-five miles, to the Bend of Petticodiac, intending to take the stage from thence to St. John, early the following morning.

We drove all night, of course; and just before daybreak, about three o'clock A.M. we had a very narrow escape, which I may here mention, because it serves to shew the peculiarities of such a journey. On commencing the descent of a steep hill, I remarked that there was a singular appearance at the bottom of the hill; in the gloom it appeared to be entirely cut off, but I could not tell how it was, so I jumped out and ran down before the waggon, when I found that there had been a bridge at this place, but it had been carried away by a freshet, and there was a stream, with steep precipitous banks, entirely unprotected; so that had we come with accelerated speed down the hill, we could not have escaped a serious accident—perhaps a frightful death. On stooping down and tracing the marks of former wheels, I found an angular turn to the left for twenty or thirty yards, and then a temporary bridge of planks thrown across the ravine. A more dangerous place for persons travelling in the dark I have seldom seen.

I found, on arriving at the Bend, that the stage would leave almost immediately; we left, on our way to St. John, at half-past four A.M.; and in fifteen hours I was, on Friday evening, again in the city, which I had only left the previous Tuesday night.

As there was no steam-boat leaving for Yarmouth until Monday, I took the opportunity, on Saturday at noon, of stepping on board the steamer "New Brunswick," for Fredericton, and by nine o'clock in the evening had travelled ninety miles up the beautiful river St. John. It was a lovely day—the scenery on the banks of the river very fine—and, excepting an outbreak or two in the forward part of the boat among some lumberers from the Aroostook, returning thither after conveying their timber rafts down to the city, who were certainly the most profane in their language of any I had ever met with, we had a most interesting voyage. I had the privilege of preaching twice on the succeeding day, and noticed, among the congregation in the evening, the lady of his Excellency Sir Wm. Colbrook, the Governor, and part of the suite; both the Governor and his lady appear to have won the esteem of all parties here, by their liberality and Christian spirit.

On Monday morning, my kind host, the Hon. L. A. Wilmot, drove me down to the landing place; I again embarked for St. John, and at six o'clock in the evening landed in the city. This was the hour of sailing for the steamer by which I expected to be conveyed home, so that I had but to step from one vessel to another, and on the following morning I landed in Yarmouth. My object in this digression is to shew the facilities of travelling in the provinces, and it will

be fairly before the reader in a short summary; I had been absent nine entire days, of which I had spent Monday and Tuesday in St. John, Wednesday and Thursday in Sackville, and the Sabbath in Fredericton; while in the interim I had travelled at least six hundred and thirty miles.

Perhaps this chapter of miscellaneous matters may be concluded with a few remarks on the climate of Nova Scotia. I am persuaded that it is only imperfectly understood by those who have never experienced it. Having kept a meteorological journal daily for nearly seven years, I am well supplied with data to assist memory in this matter. In winter the cold is severe, much more so than at any time in England; and in summer the heat is greater also. The spring seasons are rainy and backward, the forests being seldom in full leaf before June 1st. But the fall, as the autumn is universally called, is generally very pleasant; the most delightful season of the whole. The cold and storms of winter generally commence about the second week in November—sometimes indeed a little later, but generally about this time. January and February are the coldest months.

It must be observed that there is often very considerable difference between the same seasons in different years. The winters of 1838—9 and 1843—4 were remarkably severe. The thermometer presented its maximum of cold, for the last seven years, in the

day time, on the 6th and 7th of February 1839, when it stood in Halifax twelve degrees below Zero, or forty-four degrees below the freezing point, and at night it descended eight degrees lower still. But it must not be understood that these days of severe cold are the most unpleasant, such is not by any means the case; on such days the skies are generally cloudless, and there is no wind at all; it is true that there is a peculiar sensation about the face when exposed to the air, and at such times the touch of metal, even the fire irons in the sitting room, communicates an unpleasant feeling to the fingers; but there is little or no inconvenience to the pedestrian, if properly protected with sufficient clothing. There are other times when no protection will avail, and when no one can be exposed long with impunity. Such a time, almost unparalleled for severity, occurred on the 29th of January in the present year 1844. It was a fearful storm. The morning of the day was cold, blowing heavy from W.N.W. (the thermometer down to Zero), accompanied with driving snow; during the day the gale increased considerably, and in the afternoon towards sun down it attained a most furious height. It is utterly impossible to present a picture of such a storm—indeed it is impracticable even to look at it—from the house itself there is no view, the nearest objects are hidden as in a dense fog, and out of doors the air is filled with snow, not falling in

flakes, but divided into the most minute particles, with which the air is so impregnated, that every inspiration to windward is accompanied with a stifling sensation which cannot be described, and these particles will penetrate through the thickest clothing, except such as is mechanically rendered impervious to air. The wind also is so much colder than the atmosphere, that, added to the difficulty, almost impossibility of weathering the force of the wind, no person can expose any portion of the surface of the body without its being frost bitten. Hundreds of cases occurred on this memorable day, and, besides several narrow escapes which came under my own observation, the newspapers recorded two cases of death from suffocation in the province in the open day; one that of a young lady eighteen years of age returning on foot from school only a short distance, she was stifled with the drifting snow, and, being unable to advance from the force of the wind, in a very few minutes died from the cold.

In the course of the same evening I was obliged to leave the house to fasten the cellar door, which had broken loose, and threatened the destruction by frost of all our vegetables; being a slanting trap door in the yard, opening outwards, it was thrashing so violently as to be likely to break up altogether: well armed with fur mittens and cap, waterproof coat, &c., I went into the yard with a board under my arm, which I intended to nail across the door so as to batten

it down. At first I was carried away entirely, and unable even to regain the house, through the violence of the wind; but, taking advantage of a momentary lull, I made a rush at my object, and lay a moment or two upon it to recover from the stifling sensation; I then took off a glove to enable me to use a hammer, but, in this time, not exceeding three minutes, my whole hand became so frozen and stiff, that I could not have opened my fingers had my life depended on it. I regained the house as quickly as I could, having accomplished my intention, and recovered the use of my hand immediately by proper application, but the suffering for a short time was extreme.

It is evident that the wind is colder than the atmosphere, for, with the thermometer as low as on this day, I have rode, on a calm day, twenty miles on horseback against the wind, with my face exposed, without feeling any very unpleasant sensations.

Such stormy days, as the one above described, are very rare; and it has been introduced, to the exclusion of any other minute details on the general course of the seasons, because such descriptions are to be found in other works, and my wish has been rather to give such as have not before been presented to the reader, in any former account of the province of Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS, SCENERY, NATIVE INDIANS, &c.

Lo! here thy wond'rous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.
Wesley's Hymns.

In speaking of the natural productions of the province, the same line will be pursued, as has been intimated in the preceding pages, the design will be to take up those peculiar views, which have not generally been exhibited. To an English resident in the province, the wild fruits of the summer season are always an object of surprise and pleasure; berries of every kind grow indigenously in every part of the province, and become a source of revenue to hundreds of individuals of the lower class, who gather them for the purpose of selling them. The strawberry and rasp-

berry are not only abundant, but their flavour is very fine; they are generally prominent in the estimation of English visitors, perhaps because they can only be procured at the expense of cultivation and trouble at home; but among the settlers and natives of the province, cranberries, blackberries, whortleberries, blueberries, are alike with them ranked in importance, as they appear in continuous succession, but amongst these the cranberry and blueberry are found in greatest abundance, and are most used.

It is almost impossible to form an estimate of the immense quantity of the common blueberry found in a favourable season; I have passed over barrens of vast extent, where thousands of acres would never be touched by the hand of the gatherer; in some parts of the province a day is set apart, and a large party collected to go in company to gather the fruit, which, when gathered, is dried in the sun, and used through the winter as a substitute for the Zante currant, but without the pleasant flavour of that fruit; it has, however, a flavour peculiarly its own. In the township of Aylesford, there is a place called Carriboo Bog, apparently the residuum of a former lake, it is surrounded by the wild forest, and is computed to be a thousand acres in extent, this is a perfect level, and is entirely covered with the bushes which bear the blueberry. I have seen in this place, through which the post road directly runs, above one

hundred vehicles of all descriptions in the road, and, I suppose, from three to four hundred persons dispersed through the bushes, gathering the fruit. They generally take with them materials for their dinner and tea, and spend the day upon the ground, returning to their homes in the evening loaded with the fruit. Similar excursions, though generally on a much smaller scale, are planned throughout the whole country, and it is to the lover of nature, and especially to those who "look from nature, up to nature's God," an innocent and pleasant recreation.

The gathering of May flowers is an earlier task, which demands a moment's notice; it is one which supplies as rich a treat to the smell, as the other to the taste.

The May flower (epigœa repens) is to Nova Scotia what the rose is to England, and the shamrock to Ireland; it is its national, or rather its provincial emblem, and is, I believe, confined chiefly to this province, not being found either in Canada or the United States. Like the snowdrop in England, its modest and lovely flower is the first herald of winter's departure, and the approach of spring. In the last week or two of April, visitors to sylvan scenes may be seen bringing home a few solitary specimens of the promised bouquet, but immediately after this, especially after the first warm rains of spring, they may be found in all wild lands, and being eagerly looked for by all,

are seen as the general decoration of almost every parlour table in the province. It is a beautiful small flower, most frequently white, but sometimes blushing through every intermediate shade, till it reaches the hue of the rose: it grows close to the ground; like the violet, it is covered almost with its own leaves, but may be detected almost by its rich perfume. It is not the only specimen of wild flower which surprised us with its odour, after all that has been written to prove that the feathered tribes of America are songless, and its flowers destitute of fragrance. The white water lily (nymphæa alba odorata) is found on the fresh water lakes, in the month of September: these are about the size of the dahlia, equally full of petals, sitting on the surface of the water, surrounded by a corollary of green; and a very few of them suffice to fill a drawing room with an odoriferous perfume.

If the design of these pages were to furnish a list of the wild floral beauties of this land, the list would be extensive, and the description lengthy; but such is not intended. Indeed, such a list has already been furnished by an historian, of whom the province that gave him birth may be proud.*

There is, however, one other flower, which may be enumerated as worthy of peculiar notice. In passing over swampy ground, the attention of the traveller is

* See Judge Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.

sometimes arrested by a dark crimson flower, rising on a tulip-like stalk, but with smaller petals than the tulip. The flower itself may be a momentary object of attraction; but, on examination, the attention will soon be directed to the plant itself, of which the flower forms a very secondary object of importance. The leaves of the plant are found drawn over from side to side, and sealed together naturally, so as to form a vegetable phial, narrow at its lowest end, but swelling upwards with a pear-like form, the top or mouth being most ingeniously contrived by its mighty Architect. It is called the Indian Cup, (Saracenia purpurea); its mouth expands with the moisture of the atmosphere, when it receives, down this funnel-shaped aperture, both rain and dew, which fill the receptacle beneath; it then closes, in dry and sultry weather, to prevent the liquid supply from being lost. A more admirable natural reservoir it is impossible to conceive; in the very wilderness, when the cooling streams are dried up, in the heat of summer, it supplies its temporary relief to the denizens of the forest. Often have I gathered them to admire them; but I have never found an empty one in a healthy plant, in the driest season.

The forest scenery of the province, generally speaking, does not rank high, as it regards the loftiness of its trees, or the stateliness of their trunks; though there are exceptions to this remark. Yet there is

something indescribably attractive in those wild scenes so frequently witnessed. The romantic idea of forest glades, or distant vistas through the trees, is not realized in Nova Scotia. I have not seen a forest in this country, except where a thick and tangled underwood presented a barrier impenetrable, except to the agile moose, or its indomitable foe, the Indian hunter; yet I have found points of sight, presenting features of attraction, never to be forgotten. One of these views is from the summit of Mount Thom, between Truro and Picton: in travelling thither by stage, we stayed to dine at a solitary house, in the very heart of a forest. There was, in fact, no clearing, except where the house stood, and a strip in the rear of it, running to the top of a hill: to this spot I went to obtain a view, and I was well repaid: it was literally a wide expanse of broad-spread forest and sky; nothing else, save the cottage below and the public road, winding like a rivulet in a distant meadow.

It was early spring, too; and the different shades of foliage were clearly marked; it was one of nature's own landscapes, in broad masses of light and shade. The dark spruce, pine, and hemlock, which had maintained their verdure, deep, but unimpaired, through the snows of winter; the lighter buds of the hackmetack or larch, the apple green of the birch, the crimson tint of the young leaves of the maple, with many other intermediate shades of green from the elm

and beech, presented a most beautiful picture—the blue sky, without a cloud, canopying the whole.

Another interesting view is from the summit of the Falmouth Mountain, in driving along the old line of road from Windsor to Horton. On attaining this eminence, there is an interval between this ridge, and the opposite rise of Horton Mountain. In the hollow is a pretty stream, and half-way house, with meadows, and other signs of agricultural industry. But I am referring to a view obtained antecedently to this, from the summit I have spoken of, where a turn in the road hides the valley from our sight; there is nothing seen, then, but a wide and apparently interminable forest, from this to the opposite range; and, on the highest part of that, there is a break in the woods against the sky, where the road passes over the hill, which shows, by its minitude, the extent of the view. What a gorgeous sight have I witnessed here, after the first frosts of Autumn: the scene has been painted in a single verse, which I transcribe—

"Summer now yields to autumn's russet dress,
And doffs her emerald robe of shining green:
A magic hand, with passing loveliness,
Has clothed the fading woods with brilliant sheen;
Had Fancy struck her wand, this had not been—
Had artist sketched them, 'twere a fiction deemed;
But, as though clouds were prisms, held up between
The forests and the sunlight, so it seemed,
With every rainbow hue to have decked the transient scene."

These lines are, at least, true to nature. The leaf of

the maple is, at this time, white on its underside; on its upper side, a deep crimson; the birch varies from the palest yellow to a deep sunburnt hue. Many of the other trees change in a similar manner, and the effects are beyond description. It is a scene for a poet, and a time for sentiment. The afternoon and evening are creeping along; the shrill sound of the locust has been heard all day, but it is now hushed; the heat of the sun mitigates, as it reaches the western horizon; it has already been lost to the landscape, and the shades of evening are gathering around; the summit of the last hill has been left behind; and, as night is falling, we descend into the lovely vale of Gaspereaux. But another scene opens upon the stranger, which he views with astonishment: the fire-flies, in thousands, are around us on every side, and a miniature illumination is spread in living scintillations around; they shoot across the sky, like falling stars, or rest a moment on the harness of the horse as he plods his weary way; and every bank, and every fence, and every bush, has its own peculiar constellation. I have described the circumstances as they first met my observation on this very spot; and the recollection of that day's journey is pleasing still.

Many other points of scenery might thus be sketched, but I will only trespass further on the reader's patience, while I lead him to an object with which the Nova Scotian is but too familiar, but which

is not often made a subject of sentimental description; namely, the common swamp. While the forests, the lakes, the meadows, the wide-spread savannahs, and the geological productions of Nova Scotia, have been made the theme of numerous writings, but few have ventured upon this ground. Like the place we describe, it appears to have been deemed impassable ground; impassable to the footsteps of science, and equally unfit for the use of the agriculturist or historian. Yet we stand here, in the very midst of its attractions; for who can pause a moment here, and be insensible to the objects which surround him on every side.

It is the season of autumn—lovely autumn: the prospect around is abstract and limited. The road on which we stand has not even Hogarth's line of beauty to recommend it. It is a straight pathway, redeemed from the swamp by a hasty line of unsightly logs, whose ends protrude on either side from the scanty soil intended to cover them: this is art—and nature claims our notice here. The ox-teem is just emerging from the furthest extremity of the road, and the very oxen and teamster seem glad to have passed the swamp. Yet will we linger a little longer, to trace some of the features of the place; when we were here, in the merry month of May, the frogs were carolling in concert; but, now, their music is not heard, and the only sound is the twit of the blue jay, as she flies

into the solitary spruce tree; or the crackling of the dry brushes, as the steer rushes into the thicket, where it has been sent by its owner to seek its summer food. Yet, though little meets the ear, there is not wanting that which may attract the eye. The brakes, or ferns, have changed from their lively green, and assumed a deep sienna hue; the common rush has put forth, near its extremity, a cottony tuft, so that it looks like a tasseled spear for the frog's tournament; the spruce trees are as green as ever, where life remains: but the juniper is again fading into "the sere and vellow leaf," ere it doffs its russet hue to meet the wintry storms.

Amidst the varied shades above the ground, there is a deep undercovering of rich crimson upon the dwarfish shrubs; the lamb's laurel and the blueberry bushes have all arrayed themselves in brilliant colours; and a little further on, where these are alternated with yellow shining moss, and the water rises and swells between each hummock, and under each prostrate stump, what a venerable scene presents itself! The young growth of spruce and fir has been bereft of life, and would appear most desolate, save that the constant dropping of rain on their withered branches has produced long pendant woolly moss, of the lightest tinge of greenish white; so that every branch and every trunk waves with venerable locks: it is the very church-yard of trees; every one carries its own

epitaph, and is a memento of the lapse of time. While we look upon the scene, the partridge starts from its covert, or the squirrel flies along the decaying stump of a fallen tree; they are seeking their food from the partridge berries, with their crimson bunches contrasting with their leaves of cool green; or from the rowan or mountain ash, with its bunches of blood-red beads, seen more clearly now the leaves are gone.

This does not close our picture of the Swamp. I have stood here in the month of February, and viewed a scene surpassing all the jewelled richness of an eastern court. The air was filled with frost, but a constant rain for some hours previous had fallen, and the effect of what is called a silver thaw had been produced—every drop has felt the change of temperature, and congealing as it fell, has found a resting place. The firs are filled with emeralds; the junipers are loaded with diamonds, their tops under the superincumbent weight gracefully bending towards the ground. Not a spire of grass, not a tuft of moss, is left without its ornament; even the rushes and the stumps are covered with glittering crystals. After the rain the sky has cleared, and the frost has again followed on the heels of the shower, the heavens are all blue, and the earth is all white, and as the rays of the sun glance across the scene, far as the eye can reach, it is one of unparalleled beauty, and never can be described in half the glory it had put on.

This chapter may be closed appropriately with a few remarks on the aboriginal inhabitants of the province. The native Indian is associated with the former history of the whole hemisphere, which itself has not been more changed in appearance, than these children of the forest have been changed in their condition and circumstances. They are not what they once were, either in appearance or reality; their glory is departed, and their numbers are few.

In the early period of the history of the settlement of the province, there were two tribes of Indians here, both enemies to England, and allies of the French. Many and dreadful are the incidents belonging to the warfare carried on, and the records of the province still contain the provisions of an act or order in council offering a bounty upon their scalps; but the hatchet has long been buried, they are a most friendly and harmless people, possessing an interest in their history which will remain when they have passed away.

The tribe now alone resident in the province is known as the Micmac Tribe, in number about two hundred and fifty families, or about one thousand souls. Their moral position is very different from that of many of their red brethren in Canada among the Chippeways, inasmuch as almost every attempt to improve their social and moral condition has failed; they are universally attached to the Roman Catholic form of

religion externally, and this has either operated as a barrier, or effectually nullified the efforts if made, to bring them under the influence of experimental religion.

The endeavours which have been made among the Canadian tribes of Indians to improve their social condition, have been very successful, whole villages being found in the western parts of that province, where they not only live in houses, and are under the influence of Christian principles, but are learning the useful arts, as well as becoming successfully acquainted with agricultural pursuits. It is not so in this province, in very few instances indeed, have any attempts to induce them to forsake their nomade or wandering habits been successful. I remember in crossing Gold River, between Chester and Lunenburg, passing by a few cottages, surrounded by a small patch of cultivated ground, this was a small settlement of Indians, but the only instance I have heard of. They chiefly dwell in the common wigwam, the frame work being made of a few poles disposed in a circular form, meeting at the top in a conical shape, and covered with birch bark. In the summer they remove to the neighbourhood of towns or villages, a number of wigwams form an encampment, generally on the borders of a stream, or the shores of a harbour, their canoes drawn upon the beach, their children basking in the sun. They earn a scanty subsistence

by weaving baskets, ingeniously inwrought with withs stained in different colours, by dyes procured from native stores; these they offer for sale from house to house. In the winter they retire into the forest, where they sustain life through that inclement season chiefly by hunting and fishing, again to return in the spring, seeking charity from the white man, or offering ingenious manufactures for a small compensation. Only a few years back there were but few instances in which they were not the slaves of the accursed fire-waters, which they called backtawitch; miserable instances of their depraved habits in this respect, both among males and females, were continually falling before the observation of every passer-by in the public streets, but, lately, the priests have followed the praiseworthy example of one of their own order at home, and the temperance medal and the crucifix are often seen hanging side by side round the necks of many of these wild children of the forest.

During the last few years indeed, additional interest seems generally to have been awakened in their behalf. A commissioner has been appointed by the House of Assembly to overlook their interests, to report concerning them year by year, and it is to be hoped that these interests may be so secured, that the remnant that is left may be preserved, and led to obtain those principles which may secure their well-being. Their subjection to their spiritual guides, if we can

regard them as under spiritual guidance at all, has been strikingly evinced a short time ago. On the demise of their aged chief, a dispute arose about the succession, two candidates having claimed that distinction. Instead of raising the war cry, and testing the right by force of might, it was agreed to lay their respective claims before the Catholic Bishop resident in Halifax. The aisles of the chapel were trodden by the moccasins of the tribes; the claims were severally preferred in the house of their worship; the decision was made before the altar; the interference of the Bishop was satisfactory; the right of the decision was unquestioned, being received with unqualified submission; the newly elected chief was then invested with the insignia of office; homage was tendered to him by every Indian present; and a procession was afterwards formed, which wended its way to Government house, when the whole party presented their chief; tendered their respects to their "great mother's" representative, and concluded their visit to the Governor, Lord Falkland, with the native dance.

It ought not to be forgotten or omitted, that the Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society have assumed a kind of conventional guardianship of Indian rights. In their anniversary of the landing of Governor Cornwallis, and the settlement of Halifax—observed by them every 8th of June—the Indians take a part

in their procession; the last time that I saw the old chief was on one of these annual festivals; he was seated with his squaw in a gentleman's carriage, decked with evergreens; they were covered with ornaments peculiar to their race, dressed in royal Indian style, maintaining the peculiar gravity of demeanour for which they are so remarkable. Thus they headed the procession, followed by their tribe, and at the close of the day's entertainment they were regaled with plenty of substantial fare, the tables being spread in the grand parade, concluding the repast with the usual dance.

The last newspaper paragraph which I have seen concerning them, stated that an application had been made, by the newly installed chief Francis Paul, to the House of Assembly, for means to enable him to undertake a journey to England, to follow the example of the Ojibbeways from the shores of Lake Huron, and lay his claims, and those of his tribe, personally, before Her Majesty the Queen.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

PERILS OF THE COAST.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave;
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

Wesley's Hymns.

THE heaviest individual calamities which are sustained in this world, are not by any means those which are publicly known; many an object for commiseration and sympathy is hidden amidst the obscurity of the situation in which it may be found, while a similar application may be made with respect to instances of remarkable deliverance through the interposition of Providence. There have been many such published to the world in connection with those more prominently engaged in noted enterprises, which would appear almost insignificant if contrasted with some of the hardships and providential deliverances of those engaged in similar avocations, though in an

humbler capacity. We may be more assured of this fact if we confine ourselves to seafaring experience. An extensive calamity, as the wreck of a large vessel, and the loss of many human lives, has very naturally elicited the sympathy of the public thus acquainted with the fact, while many a smaller craft has been driven ashore, and its small ill-fated crew have suffered hardships, and experienced providential deliverances, which have been, perhaps, greater in amount, and more marked in circumstance, but have never been known beyond the limit of the hamlet or village with which their interests have been connected. These thoughts have often risen in my mind, while residing for a few years immediately on the coast, and they are intended to be illustrated by the contents of this chapter. The last year of my residence there appeared peculiarly marked by calamities of this character, a few of which came under my immediate notice.

One of these was the wreck of a brig from St. Andrews, lumber laden, she was capsized in a heavy gale in the month of December, and became waterlogged; that is, being laden with timber, she continued to float, but was full of water, her deck brought level with the surface of the sea. Under such circumstances, access is necessarily cut off from whatever food there may be below; the cabin and the hold are alike inaccessible. The captain died in the sight of all the crew on the deck that same afternoon; they

thought he died of a broken heart. Fourteen long days and nights they remained without assistance, and every day added to the deaths and diminished their numbers; they had no fire, and no food, except one bag of ship biscuit saturated with salt water; even this failed the last day or two, and on the fourteenth day there were three souls, expecting every hour to be their last, and these were all that were left. In the afternoon a sail bore down towards them, but the mate died as they drew near, and a man and a boy, with their feet frozen, were brought from this wreck, and landed on the coast at Barrington, where they were lying in a most pitiable condition when I visited the place.

The same gale also proved fatal to another vessel belonging to Yarmouth, and to all its crew, for none were left to be narrators of their troubles, and yet we became but too well acquainted with what those troubles must have been. A homeward bound vessel from this port fell in with this one, which had been capsized, dismasted, and waterlogged; from seeing no one on board, they concluded the crew had been taken off, but as they knew the vessel and the crew also, they boarded her. They then found a small shelter erected in the forepart of the ship between the windlass and the bows, and on entering this, they saw four of the ill-fated crew lying dead, with the remains of a poor dog, half-eaten, lying near to them. It is im-

possible to conceive what their sufferings must have been; it was imagined that the vessel was thrown over in a sudden squall, and the rest of their crew were drowned in their berths below.

Other narratives of distress similar to these might be easily penned, and from circumstances which have occurred very near to my observation, but it is not my wish to harrow the feelings of the reader with painful narratives; it is rather my desire to select from several instances that which appears most forcibly to have struck my own mind, as realizing marked providential interposition in the time of imminent danger, and illustrative also of the design announced, to glance at the "perils of the coast."

It was in the regular course of pastoral visitation that I found myself one afternoon at the house of one of the members of the society, and the leader of a class, who was suffering under severe and acute rheumatic pains: in the course of conversation, the individual expressed his fears that in every succeeding winter he should be exposed to similar suffering, his constitution being entirely broken by an occurrence of former years.

As the person who made these remarks was comparatively young, or in the prime of life, my curiosity was excited, and the expression of it elicited the materials which have been thrown together into the following narrative.

It may be here premised, for the better understanding of the following account, if it has not been sufficiently made plain in a former chapter, that the south-western extremity of the province forms the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy, commencing at the angle formed by Cape Sable. Halifax, the capital, is distant from the cape about one hundred and fifty miles due east; and from the same cape, up the bay, in a northerly direction, Cape Fourchee and the town of Yarmouth are distant about thirty-five miles. Parallel with Cape Sable, running west about fifteen miles, are the Seal Islands, on which the Royal Mail steamship Columbia was lost—between these islands and Cape Sable in fine weather the passage for Yarmouth from Halifax is usually taken. Again, in advancing towards Yarmouth from the cape, there are some other groups of Islands, those nearest in-shore are called the Tuskit Islands, and midway between these and the Seal Islands are others called Mud Islands; it was on one of these that the circumstances took place now to be described. Destitute as they are of any shelter, the preservation of life here must at best be precarious, but much more so in the depth of a Nova Scotia winter, and without the means of procuring either fire or food. But we are anticipating our narrative.

The individual in question, left Yarmouth on the 4th day of November, 1832, in company with two

other men and a boy, in a small schooner called the "Adventure;" their object being to trade at the different ports to the eastward, by exchanging produce and dry goods for saltfish. In six days they were at Ketch Harbour, in Chebucto bay, about twelve miles from Halifax; and here, in the course of a month, they finished the main object of their voyage, having procured about one hundred and twenty barrels of mackerel and herring, with some dried cod fish and a little oil. Their desire now was to return to their homes in Yarmouth, and it was at the close of their homeward voyage, that the following disasters took place.

On the 1st day of December, about three o'clock in the morning, they sailed from Ketch Harbour in company with another vessel, hoping, by the following night, according to the usual custom, to make a comfortable harbour on their way towards home. In this they were disappointed; the wind was light when they stood out to sea, and before they had crossed St. Margaret's Bay, (the first great indentation of the land to the westward of Halifax) it became baffling and calm. Towards evening a lowering sky portended an approaching storm; the vessel which sailed in company with them was nearer the shore, about four miles ahead, and likely to make a harbour with the first breeze; but they were further out to sea; at sunset their fears were realized; a breeze sprung up at south-east, with snow; at first they hoped to be

able to run for La Have, but the snow increasing, they judged it more prudent to try to make Liverpool light. At this time, the wind also increased; they reefed their foresail, and shortly stowed the mainsail and jib. By nine o'clock P.M. it blew a gale; they feared to run for the land any longer, altered their course, and stood out to sea; running south for two hours to clear the land, and then steering south-west. It was not long before, by accident, the foresail jibbed, and the sail itself was split. This was a real source of uneasiness to them, as their only other sail was so weak that they durst not hoist it, and they were consequently compelled to lay too under bare poles, exposed to all the fury of the waves. In the course of the night, their only boat broke loose; what part of the cargo they had stowed on deck was adrift, and they were obliged to heave it overboard as quickly as possible. An expedient here suggested itself to them, which proved a temporary relief—they broached a cask of oil, and poured it on the waves—this smoothed the sea around them for a short time, but the advantage was only felt for a limited period.

The next day was Saturday; the wind had hauled to the north-east, and was still blowing a gale. The sea was raging tremendously high; the surging billows swept, wave after wave, over their little craft, and by this time, the sails were so much frozen, that they could neither repair the one nor the other. Under these

circumstances it was thought impossible that the vessel could live through the night in such a sea; two seas struck her so violently, that they hove her down on her broadside; the cargo shifted, the jib broke loose, and before it could be stowed, the blocks and frozen ropes attached to it, were shattered to pieces.

Under these discouraging circumstances, they were able to recognise the favours of Providence; they found a cask of water jammed between the bulwarks and the binnacle, which in the morning they were able to lower into the hold. On this day (Sunday) towards evening, the wind abated, and on Monday it was quite moderate, but their strength was so far exhausted, that they were scarcely able to avail themselves of it, not one of them having slept for three nights, nor had they cooked a single meal.

The keenness of the weather had now somewhat mitigated; the wind breezed up from the south, and judging themselves to have drifted before the gale to the southward of Seal Islands and Cape Sable, they once more unfurled, and hoisted their mainsail and jib, hauled up on a south-east course, and stood for the land. But now a new trouble arose; they were suddenly afflicted with loss of sight, and on making an attempt to repair their damaged foresail, even compelled to give up in despair; however, they began to recover their sight towards evening, and made every effort to fall in with the land.

Again they were visited with a south-east gale ; were obliged once more to stand off from the land ; first reefed, and then took in sail altogether, again lying to with her hull exposed to all the violence of the waves. This was described as being a most fearful night, the wind blew a hard gale, the rain fell in torrents, the sea was running mountains high, and they, wet and cold, without fire, worn out for want of sleep, were expecting every moment to be engulfed in the waves. Still, upon distress so deep, the morning dawned; again hope revived; the experiment with the oil was again resorted to, and they were again relieved : they now hoped to be able to make sail, but suddenly the wind chopped round and blew in heavy squalls from the north, with severe cold. This continued till noon, when it moderated somewhat; they got close reefed sails upon her, and stood to the eastward.

On Wednesday morning it was calm, and the wind sprang up from the south-west; from soundings obtained, they now judged themselves between Seal Islands and the cape, and steered accordingly. By sun-down, the wind veered to the west, then to the north-west, blowing fresh and squally. Again they took in sail, and about ten o'clock saw the land, but not knowing it, determined to lie off and on till daylight. When the sun rose, they found themselves near Tuskit Islands, but owing to the heavy sea, dared

not to make more sail upon the vessel. While their hopes were thus raised at the prospect of soon making a harbour among the islands, with which they were well acquainted, and could ride safely at anchor, they were again subject to disappointment. It was now ebb tide, and the well known strength of the currents in the Bay of Fundy set at nought all calculation; they made very little progress, the wind also headed them off; they knew themselves to be in the neighbourhood of dangerous ledges, and the result proved a fulfillment of all their fears.

The words of the individual from whom this account was received will best describe their situation: he said, "Thinking our troubles nearly ended, without any expectation of immediately being in danger, I went below to get something to eat, as I came on deck, I heard them express their fears that they would not be able to clear the ledge. I saw the danger in a moment, let go the mainsheet, but immediately she struck; had she heaved her own length further, she would have gone clear; she now struck violently a second time, and then cleared the ledge. The Mud Islands were very near to us; I seized the pump, another the helm, and we stood for the island before us. At this time the water was gaining fast upon us; we had lost our boat the first night, and had no means of abandoning the vessel. I attempted to cut away the masts, to lighten her, for we had no means of

hoisting sail. I cast my eyes down the companion and saw the chests floating in the cabin; we surged past a rocky point to the westward of the island, and were within a hundred yards of the shore, when she suddenly went down."

What a trying moment for the adventurous and hardy seaman! Under favourable circumstances he knows that there is but a plank between him and an ocean grave; but when he feels that sole support to be sinking from beneath his feet, and that another moment will find him struggling with the waves—the liquid tomb of thousands of his fellow men—how needful then that grace which points him assuredly to a place in a better world, a haven of eternal rest—

> "Where all the ship's company meet,
> Who have sailed with the Saviour beneath."

This grace had been received and enjoyed before this time of need by the person of whom I write, and it proved a sure arm of defence and support when almost every other hope was gone.

The schooner sank in rather shoal water; her bows were submerged, but the stern was light, and a small portion of the quarter rail was above the surface of the water: to this they clung, the sea making a complete breach over them. After the first shock was over, their efforts were directed to some means whereby they might be able to reach the shore; they cleared the mainboom and gaff, lashed them together, and

each taking a piece of board from the bulwarks, they hoped, by placing themselves on this frail raft, to be able to paddle themselves ashore. The attempt was no sooner made, than they were upset into the water by the raft turning over; and, had there not been a rope unsevered, which had escaped their notice, but which still connected the raft with the wreck, they must all have perished. They were just able to regain the wreck, but the sun was almost down, they were nearly perished with wet and cold, and yet they well knew, that unless they reached the shore before it was dark, they could never live to see the morning light.

At length two of their number made an attempt to reach the shore, leaving a man and a boy upon the wreck, the latter being so nearly exhausted that it became necessary to lash him to the rail. The two succeeded in reaching the island; and, though scarcely able to stand, after being so long in the water, the sight of those still remaining behind induced them to exertion. They prepared a small raft, and very soon all were on the land alive. The prospect, even now, could scarcely have been more discouraging; they were on one of the mud islands, where there was not a tree to shelter them; their clothes were wet, and their feet were freezing: a cold winter's night was setting in, and they had no means for procuring fire, nor did they succeed in making one,

during the nine days they remained on this desolate spot.

At this time, they fully expected that the boy would not live till morning; he was nearly exhausted, but humanity prompted the use of extraordinary means, and a kind providence rendered those means successful. They immediately, and very prudently, commenced exercising themselves in walking as fast and as far as their strength would allow; and, while thus engaged, they discovered a solitary sheep; a small flock was afterwards found, but this appeared to have strayed from the rest, directly in their path. One of them suggested that the warm skin, fresh from the slaughtered sheep, might save the boy's life; in half an hour they had killed this one, and skinned it, wrapping the skin closely round the naked body of the boy. They then covered him with grass, which they pulled with their hands, and left him to attend to their own safety.

The night was spent in more serious play than such exercise is usually employed for; running, wrestling, rolling on the ground, and other kinds of exercise, were alternately used; and in this manner the long tedious night was passed; they could not sit down for even a few minutes, without feeling their limbs stiffening to that degree, that they had immediately to renew their efforts to preserve their lives. During the night, a vessel passed the island almost within hail;

but, even in the day time, no mariner would have directed his eye thither, with the expectation of seeing a human being.

In the morning the boy was uncovered, and found to be considerably relieved: they themselves also felt somewhat better, and began to collect drift boards and timber, to erect some place of shelter, which, when it was made, they covered with grass. They had now to contend with another disadvantage,—hunger oppressed them; the sheep which they had killed was their only resource, and this was eaten raw, One of them said, under these circumstances, "I felt more thankful for this meal than I have often done after a sumptuous repast." During the night, they again nearly perished with cold, through a cold rain storm; their camp being like a basket, the wind and rain penetrated on every side.

It was Thursday evening when the schooner sank with them, and now Sunday morning dawned, the blessed Sabbath. They were not more than twenty miles from home, but, alas! how destitute, and no one acquainted with their need, but that merciful Providence, which ultimately saved them all from death.

On this sabbath day they scarcely left the camp, except to gather some mussels on the beach; through weakness of the stomach, they began to loathe the raw food, and again did heaven provide. On ex-

amining where the wreck lay, they found it driven up so high, that, at low water, they were able to reach it, and enter the cabin, from which they procured some cheese, a bag of apples, and some bedding; these were soaked with salt water, but they proved a great relief. Nor were they able, after this, to procure any more from the vessel before she went to pieces. The following day being fine, they dried their blankets in the sun, added some canvass from the old sails to the covering of their tent, and improved it so far every day, that, for three succeeding nights, they slept very well.

It may be a matter of inquiry, whether great complaints to each other of personal sufferings followed their present position: it was not the case. They suffered principally in their feet, which swelled so much, that they could wear no covering to protect them, nor take sufficient exercise: but even this was but lightly thought of, compared with their earnest desire to escape from their lonely situation.

It was about two days after this, that, the weather being fine, they saw vessels in the distance, crossing Lobster Bay; but knowing that, under no circumstances, except by danger like their own case, would any vessel come within speaking distance, they saw the importance of erecting some signal to attract the notice of passing ships. For this purpose they collected casks and empty barrels, which had floated ashore from the schooner, now gone to pieces; these,

with timber and boards, they heaped together so as to form an object calculated to arrest attention. The thought then forced itself upon their minds, that they had done all in their power; and often did the alternative of no relief, and lingering death, occur with painful sensations; but they then betook themselves to prayer; and, after pouring out their wants before the Lord, committed themselves afresh to his holy keeping.

On the following Saturday, in the evening, they saw a vessel to the eastward, but so far off, that they could not tell which way she was standing; not did the sight affect them much, for the sun, being only about an hour and a half high, they did not think she could come near them before dark, as the wind was light. They, therefore, prepared again for rest; a piece of raw mutton, some cheese, and a draught of water, was their portion for supper, of which they now partook, and found that the vessel was not only standing towards them, but was rapidly approaching nearer. Then hope began to revive in their hearts; but there was an intervening island between them and where they expected that the vessel would pass; so that they scarcely ventured to anticipate their deliverance.

They also saw her alter her course, so as to give the islands a wider berth; and again she came to, and stood towards them. There was, in fact something very remarkable in the direct interposition of providence for their rescue. This was a brig belonging to

Yarmouth, with a Yarmouth captain and crew. The master afterwards stated that three several times he made the attempt to keep his vessel away; but the wind appeared each time to meet him a point or two, and he still continued his course. Without particularly noticing this, until afterwards, on coming nearer the islands, one of the hands remarked that he saw something strange on Mud Island, and he believed there were some men upon it. Well knowing that if there were men, they must be in distress, this remark gained attention; and now some others perceived the strange object, which was, in fact, the signal erected by the poor wrecked seamen. But it was now growing dark, and the thought of being nearly home was a temptation to induce the captain, if possible, to avoid delay; however, that there was something very unusual on the island could, by this time, be seen by all from the deck of the brig; and the captain, at length, said that, if any chose to volunteer for the service, they might take the ship's boat, and he would heave to till they returned. Plenty of volunteers were soon found: need the rest be told? They found the distressed crew—they were their townsmen, their neighbours, their friends. Fire and food, and kind attention, awaited them on board the brig; and on Sabbath morning, December the 16th—an anniversary never forgotten since—they were restored to their families and home.

THE END.

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